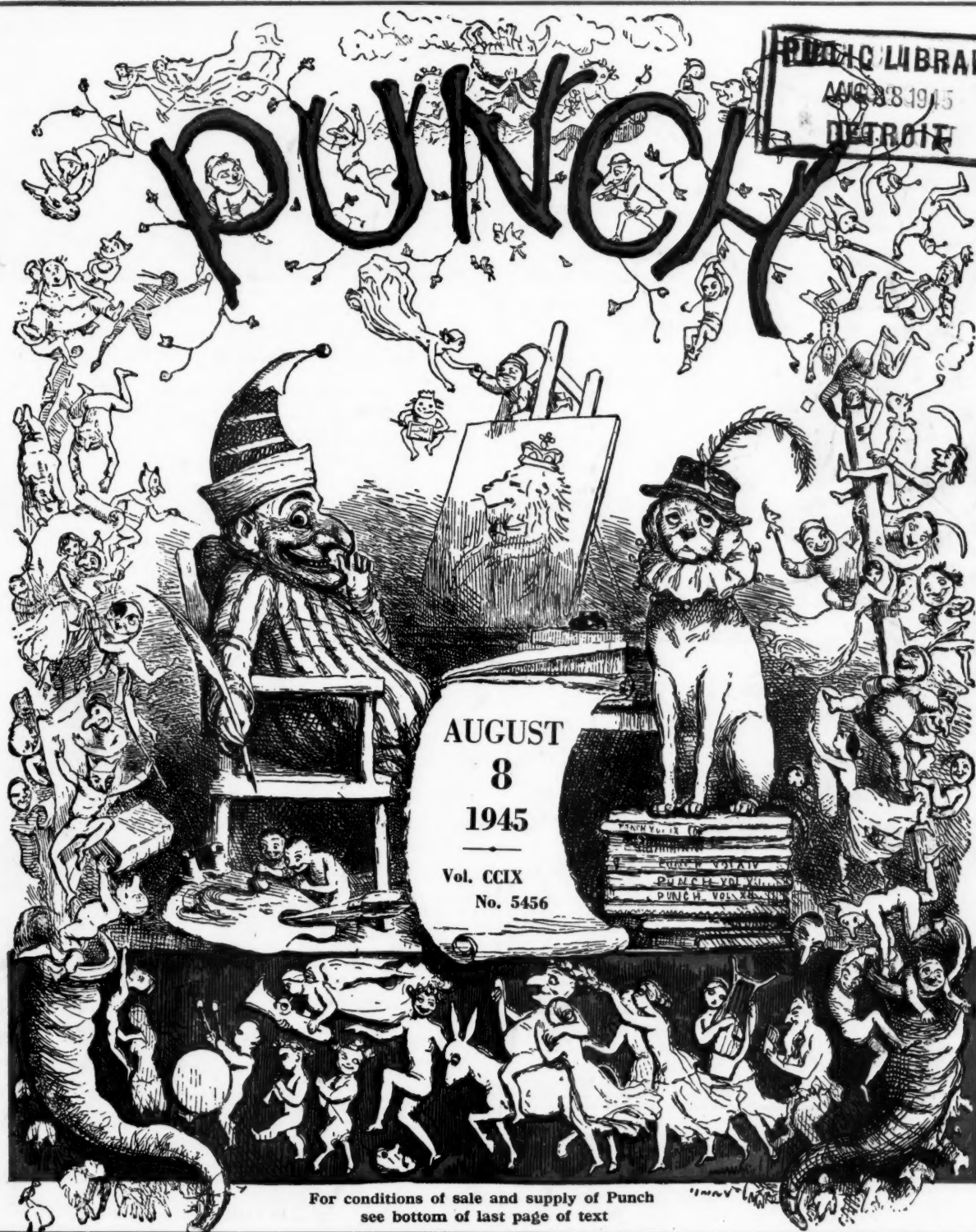


# HUNTLEY & PALMERS - the first name you think of in BISCUITS



For conditions of sale and supply of Punch  
see bottom of last page of text



## Player's Please



*Creators of Loveliness...*



### MILLINERS

The art of the milliner helps to enhance natural beauty, but to a smart woman a lovely dress is also of outstanding importance. No one can deny that Courtaulds rayons have made it possible to be well dressed at moderate cost.



The symbol  
of  
loveliness  
that lasts

*Courtaulds*

THE GREATEST NAME IN RAYON



THOSE restless nights . . . when the wakeful, tortured mind and tattered nerves rob you of the sleep you need so much. . . How can you avoid them?

Many thousands of men and women enjoy restful sleep every night by drinking a cup of 'Ovaltine' at bedtime. This delicious food beverage has a soothing influence on nerves, brain and body, assists you to relax and creates the conditions conducive to sleep.

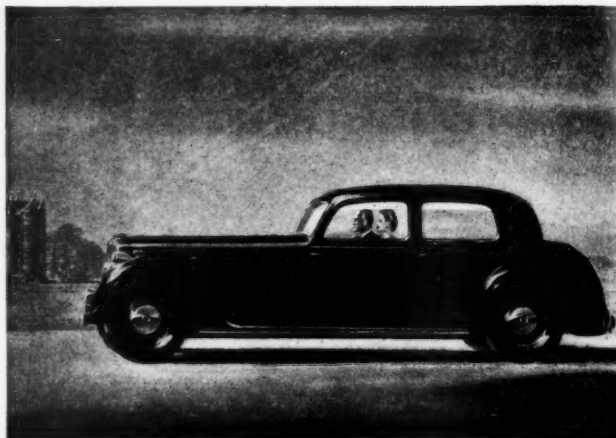
'Ovaltine' is entirely free from drugs. Its concentrated, easily assimilated, nourishment is derived from malt, milk and eggs. While you sleep, this natural nutriment helps to renew strength and energy, and to refresh nerves and brain, thus preparing you to face the work of the new day with confidence and cheerfulness.

*Drink delicious*

# Ovaltine

The World's Best Night-cap

P646A



The Rover factories are now being reinstated for car production, and deliveries to authorised buyers will begin in the Autumn.

The new cars will be similar in general design to the successful pre-war Rover models . . . with the addition of further detail refinements in the Rover tradition of quality.

# ROVER

*One of Britain's Fine Cars*

THE ROVER COMPANY LTD., COVENTRY, and DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, LONDON  
CVS 12



FOUR SQUARE is still made, as ever, from pure tobacco—matured and mellowed by ageing in the wood; free from artificial scents and flavouring.

GEORGE DOBIE & SON LTD., PAISLEY, SCOTLAND

One of the few remaining independent Tobacco firms, established 136 years ago.

# Ssh!

ANGOSTURA  
BITTERS  
IS HERE AGAIN,  
BUT IN LIMITED  
QUANTITIES

If your usual Wine Merchant is unable  
to supply you, you are invited to send  
his name and address to Angostura  
Bitters, (London) Ltd., 83 Cannon  
Street, E.C.4.



**Allsorts** of ties  
for artists . . . . .



but **Allsorts**  
of **Wilkinson's**  
for **Quality!**



*Start the day  
the Eclipse way*



Including  
Purchase Tax **3d** each

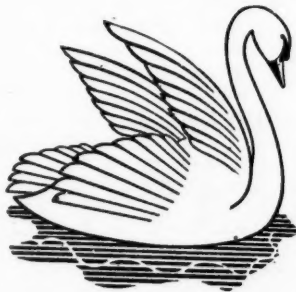
Obtainable only from Retailers  
JAMES NEILL & CO. (Sheffield) LTD.



*O name for ever dear*

*Still breathed in sighs*

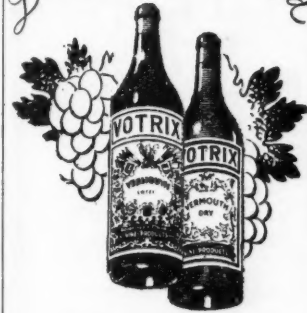
# Schweppes



# are

the favourite of authors  
and writers of fame . . .  
so renowned  
that it's needless  
to mention the name

*Let's have a gin and*



# VOTRIX VERMOUTH

Scarcity prices are seldom any  
indication of quality. It's so with  
Vermouth. Britain's best Vermouth  
—Votrix—costs you no more than  
9/- the bottle. For that you get a  
Vermouth equal to the best formerly  
imported from the continent. There  
is no need for us to charge or for  
you to pay a higher price.

*Vine Products Ltd. cannot supply you  
direct so please ask your usual supplier.*

*Charming  
WHICHEVER WAY  
YOU LOOK AT IT*



# GOR-RAY Skirts

All-round smartness is a  
feature of "GOR-RAY"  
Skirts. No "seating"  
however long they are  
worn. Freedom to hurry  
when you wish, and the  
smart and convenient  
man-style "Zwow"  
pocket in place of the  
ugly placket.

All the better for  
the "Zwow" Pocket

Issued by  
C. Stillitz, Royal Leamington Spa  
GOR-RAY 1068



**J.P. Super**

*Only the Best is  
Good Enough*

For the garden lover who takes a pride in his lawn. Here is a machine that will cut to the smoothness of velvet because it is designed and made with the care and precision which have made its name famous.

Supplies will be available from your dealer soon.



PHONE:  
27542

J.P. ENGINEERING CO. LTD  
MEYNELL RD. LEICESTER



BY APPOINTMENT  
SCRUBB & CO. LTD.

**SCRUBB'S**  
CLOUDY AMMONIA

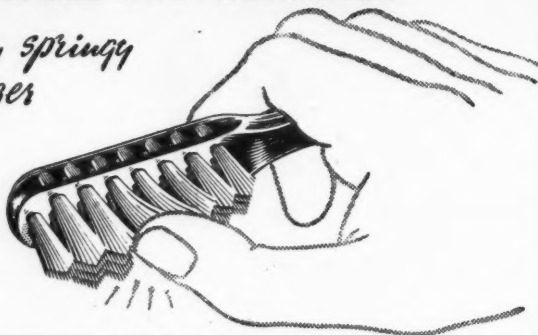
**Saves  
Soap  
Fuel  
Labour**

Try Scrubb's in your bath. A few drops soften the water, refresh and invigorate.

FOR ALL HOUSEHOLD  
CLEANING NEEDS

## Halex TOOTHBRUSHES

*stay springy  
longer*



A soggy toothbrush gives only top-surface cleaning. You need Halex with the anchored waterproof tufts. They stay springy. They get into every "corner" and give brisk, complete cleaning.

**RATIN**  
improves  
on legend!



All know the legend of the Pied Piper . . . but more important to know is the efficiency of the Ratin Service . . . "out of the houses the rats came tumbling!" . . . that was the magic of the Pied Piper . . . but the surveyors and operators of the Ratin Service improve on legend . . .

they work on scientific lines. Thoroughness . . . inspection and treatment at regular intervals . . . that is the way the Ratin Service handles the rat menace. Write now, and ask our surveyor to call . . . he will advise you how the Ratin Service can deal with your rat or mice problem.

NO PREPARATIONS FOR SALE. SERVICE ONLY.

**RATIN SERVICE**

THE BRITISH RATIN CO. LTD., 125 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1  
Telephone: ABBey 7621

Main Branches at Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, Edinburgh, Glasgow, London, Liverpool, Leeds, Manchester, Newcastle, Nottingham, Salisbury, Sheffield and subsidiary branches throughout Great Britain.



**Wearra**  
MULTIPLE FITTING  
SHOES  
for Men and their Sons

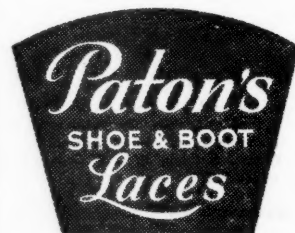
Superb for fit.  
Supreme in wear.  
Three widths to  
each size and half  
size.



H.L. SHORTLAND  
Master Shoemaker  
and Designer of  
the Wearra Shoe



*In stoutest boots or  
shoes for graces  
nothing equals  
Paton's Laces.*



From your retailer

P.1

WM. PATON LTD. - JOHNSTONE - SCOTLAND

*Beauty  
is skin deep*



MELTONIAN

CREAM will nourish and beautify the leather skins of which your shoes are made, keeping them soft and supple, and giving a fine lasting polish. Prolong the life of your shoes with a daily beauty treatment of MELTONIAN — and see them glow with pleasure!

**MELTONIAN**

MELTONIAN LTD., OXGATE LANE  
CRICKLEWOOD, LONDON, N.W.2





**\*4 out of 5 may get  
Gum Trouble**

**but not me!**

Guard against—Tender, Sore, Spongy and Bleeding Gums. Dentists, for many years, have used Forhans astringent and reported completely satisfactory results. They also recommend Forhans Special Formula for the Gums Dentifrice for use at home because it contains the special ingredient of Forhans astringent. See your dentist regularly.

\* Based on clinical reports



ON SALE ALL OVER THE WORLD

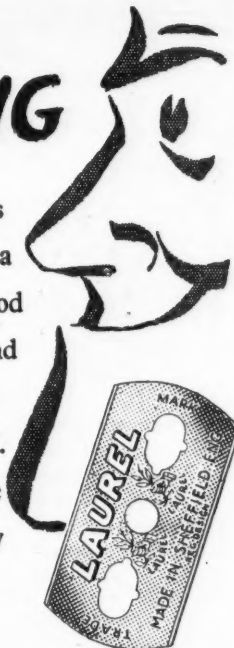
**Healthy dogs  
make good companions**



**BOB MARTIN'S**  
Condition Powder Tablets  
**keep dogs fit**

**KNOCK 'H' OUT OF  
SHAVING**

A good razor blade needs three things: special steel, a fine cutting edge and a good temper. All three are found at their best in Sheffield, the 'home of the cutting edge'. All three combine to make Laurel the perfect blade. Pay what you will, you cannot get a better blade than



**LAUREL**

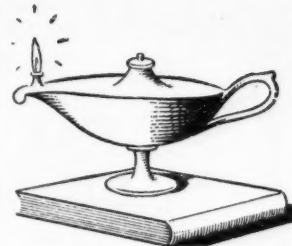
*The Good-tempered Sheffield Blade*

Made by George Lawrence Ltd. of Sheffield.

**1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>**

Including purchase tax

CVS-22



**"In the present  
state of medical  
knowledge..."**

Although medical science is continually learning new truths and developing old ones, one health rule remains rock-steady through all new discoveries. Nerves need organic phosphorus and protein if they are to withstand the strain of these war years. In other words they need 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic, for only in 'Sanatogen' are organic phosphorus and protein chemically combined.

**'SANATOGEN'**

Regd. Trade Mark

**NERVE TONIC**

In one size only during war time—  
6/6d. (including Purchase Tax).

A 'Genatosan' Product.

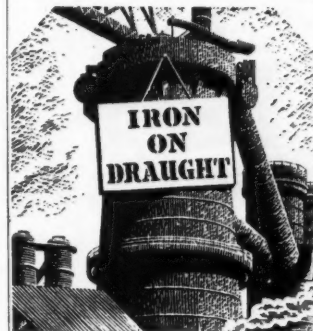
*This good cigarette  
in green packets*



10-1/2

20-24

CARRERAS · 150 YEARS REPUTATION FOR QUALITY



**MOLTEN** metal is very hot, as you will know if you have ever seen a blast furnace "drawn." "Hot enough for anything" you would say, but you would be wrong, for sometimes it solidifies on meeting the comparatively cold air outside the furnace and so causes a stoppage in the tapping hole. The quickest and easiest way of clearing it is to burn the solidifying metal away with high pressure oxygen. That is why in modern iron and steel works you will find oxygen laid on to a convenient point near each blast furnace and, whenever the furnace is being drawn, an operator ready to use the "oxygen lance" if the metal does not flow freely. This is but one of many examples of how the liquid oxygen and compressed gas industry helps to speed things up in the making and manipulating of iron and steel.



THE BRITISH OXYGEN CO. LTD., LONDON



Clariassa, greatly daring, consulted a fortune teller at the Great Exhibition of 1851. "You'll marry a dashing Hussar, dear, and have seven children. One will become a Bishop. And—yes, you will retire to Cheltenham and live to a great age." To-day, we too can foresee future happiness—an abundance of *Romary's Tunbridge Wells Water Biscuits—Wheaten Biscuits—Cocktail Biscuits—Ginger Nuts—and Honey Bake.*

## ROMARY

*'Tunbridge Wells' Biscuits*



THE sandy coast of Britain is high on the demobilisation list and, as the work of clearing the mines, the wire and the concrete progresses, so the pleasures of *unrestricted motoring* draw nearer. Then, week-ends by the sea will be within easy reach of all. For, when those days return, they will bring with them motoring at a cost so low that only Ford production—coupled with Ford Service and maintenance facilities—could make it possible.

*Ford will continue to make history*



FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX

Peace will soon bring  
back to everybody the  
pleasures of photography  
with still better and  
faster Ilford Selo films

# ILFORD

# SELO

FILMS

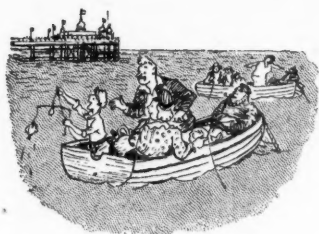
You've  
been  
very  
patient,

says OLD HETHERS



I know you've missed my bottled Robinson's Lemon Barley Water, for many have written to tell me so. It's true that it will return with peace, which, we all hope, is not far away, but in the meantime, I suggest that you make your barley water at home, from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley packed in tins.

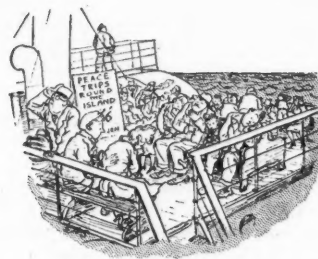
Barley Water from  
**ROBINSON'S**  
'Patent' BARLEY



# PUNCH

Or

*The London Charivari*



Vol. CCIX No. 5456

August 8 1945

## Charivaria

WE would like to extend our sympathy to those Bank Holiday travellers who cannot go to work to-day because they have not got back last Monday yet.

British golf can't seem to get on its feet again. We keep winning our own tournaments.

### Miss Fit

"A slim, girlish figure, slipping around in a blue summer frock and wide-brimmed sun hat . . ."—*Evening paper.*

Experiments are being made with railway lines to make railway travel much quieter. This will be a severe blow to the B.B.C. Effects Department.



Speed traps are being set by the police for motorists. So far their jaws have not been fouled by anything larger than a bulldozer.

A columnist declares that the war has toughened us and given us the strength to tackle anything; which is just as well, considering that it is being followed by the peace.

A cyclist who rode on the footpath at 10 A.M. had his name taken by a policeman, appeared in court and was fined before noon. Peace criminals evidently get priority.

Volunteers are urgently needed to help lift potatoes. On their efforts will largely depend a forthcoming Food Ministry decision as to whether these vegetables are good to eat or not.



A sporting writer recalls a cricketer who used to drape his watch and chain on the wicket to show his confidence as a batsman. He always of course chose a wicket-keeper he could rely on.

A writer complains of unsightly railway carriages standing in a field on the South Coast. He doesn't say whether there was an engine at one end.

A famous pair of American patter comedians have decided not to speak to each other except before the camera or microphone. A lot of cross talk led up to this.

London schoolchildren are to have an extra month's holiday this year. It will just give them time to remember all their mothers hoped they'd had time to forget while at school.

Cars were bumper to bumper on a road to the coast during the Bank Holiday. Pedestrians feel comparatively safe when bumpers are in this position.



We understand that the 1914-18 War Criminal Old Boys' Association refuses to co-opt 1939-45 members until the lapse of a further time-limit definitely establishes their eligibility.

### Take Your Choice

"Lost, from 16, Powell-st. W'ton, Full-grown Black Cat; answers to Blackbat. Finder rewarded dead or alive."—*Advt. in Staffs paper.*

A Sussex choirmaster is the village plumber. But his professional skill is unavailing when ominous gurglings indicate to his trained ear that the pipes of a boy treble are approaching breaking point.



## The Inquest

I AM now able to reveal the secret of the great map I had prepared for publication last week of Electoral Britain and Northern Ireland, covered with black-and-white patches and shaded and spotted from end to end, so that parts of it were like a saddle-backed hog and parts like the impression of a rainy day at Southend, or the face of a man who has not used the proper kind of shaving cream. Boroughs and counties and satellite towns, going back to all the places mentioned (many of them quite favourably) in Domesday Book, were shown upon my map, and there were dolphins in the sea round about it, and light-houses marked very clearly, and bell-buoys and lightships, and I had been at great pains to portray the alteration in the electoral boundaries from century to century and to make allowance for the coast erosion which has so greatly changed the shape of some of the constituencies on the edge of the silver sea.

And there were many small circles like this ● or this ⊙ or this ⊕ about the skirting-board of my map, referring to different parts of it, so that whatever the foreigner might think of our little island at the end of it, he could see, at a glance, that she was well plugged for power.

And I had marked the sites of all the battles in the Wars of the Roses, and in the Civil War, and the division of the Heptarchy, and the sites and ruins of monasteries which had been destroyed.

A great deal of this work had been done by *The Times* at Printing House Square and by other newspapers, but my map, as may be imagined, was far more comprehensive than theirs, and it had a great many more notes at the foot of the page.

Thus, I not only explained how many seats each party had won in proportion to the number of votes cast for it, but also how many seats each party had lost in proportion to the votes which had not been cast at all, if we assumed that the voters who had not cast their votes had cast them in the same proportion as the voters who had. Let me repeat that. Or rather, let me not repeat that, but let me ask you to read it again and think well and clearly on this important matter. For though the poll was a great poll, there were still many who, either because they put off from hour to hour the business of voting, now being at the office desk, and now washing up the dishes, and now standing in queues in front of shops, or even going to the place of polling, but on the way falling into an idle reverie or conversation with a friend, or seeing a hat to buy or a house to let, never made their mark on the paper and thus, in some measure, through indolence or accident, changed or did not change the destiny of their native land.

But I showed also in my notes what would have happened to either of the two great parties if those who had voted for any other party had not voted for it but for them, dividing their votes according to a system of my own which is too troublesome to be explained here, since it involved the labour of a committee of psychiatrists whom I consulted on this and upon other points—as, for instance, the probable proportion of lunatics, who, going to the polling places, and confused by the many cries from the many loud-speakers in touring cars, affixed their mark, with a loud cry, to the name which most caught their fancy, as is often done by those who bet on horse-races or even on dogs.

And, in particular, I showed what would have been likely to happen if there had been an Independent candidate

in every constituency, and a certain proportion of men who could be certified by mental specialists as having independent minds had cast their votes for such a man. I also showed other things—as, for instance, how many Communist votes would have been in all likelihood withdrawn from a Labour candidate if there had been a Nihilist in the field.

I was, in fact, neglectful of nothing. "It must be remembered in all cases," I pointed out, "we are bound to exclude those votes which were not cast accurately owing to astigmatism, or a sudden fit of ague or writer's cramp, since it has never been legally nor constitutionally determined whether a voter who, instead of putting a plain, straightforward and well-delineated X opposite to the name of his choice, writes / \, or even \ /, is held to have voted as a true man and a citizen of Britain, or merely to have made a fanciful sketch upon the margin of the paper, through excitement or disease, or merely to while away the time."

But though this map and these notes of mine would have formed the most comprehensive survey of a General Election that has ever been made, the messengers who were carrying it to the printers were unable to race against Time's winged chariot, which takes no account of traffic lights, and the project had to be abandoned; nor did I think it right and proper to publish more than a brief note about it this week, now that a certain amount of the excitement has died away and the approximate nature of the polling and the distribution of votes have become fairly well known, through the efforts of the B.B.C. and the daily and weekly press.

I should have mentioned also that my great work included an analysis of the probable effect of the votes of the armed services, calculated according to the places where they were situated, the length of time they had been under arms, their hardships, their appreciation of superior officers, their aspirations for the future, and the number and nature of the potatoes they had peeled.

It is always a great pity when a magnificent treatise of this kind remains unpublished. But it will be found among my papers in a day or two, when the municipal dust-cart calls.

EVOE.

o o

## The Voice of the World

I AM grateful for so many things,  
said the old lady who had lost everything.

The warmth of the sun, the little flowers  
make me so happy; and I like my wee chats  
with the other old ladies in the hotel.

I can see the sea from my window too,  
and I am doing a dear little piece of tapestry work.  
God has been so good to me, and I glory each day  
in the wonders of His creation.

Aw, nuts! said the young man who had everything,  
holding the sun, the sea, and the flowers in his hands.  
The world is a lousy place and sick to the heart.  
Glory? he said. Wonder? he said. Good night!

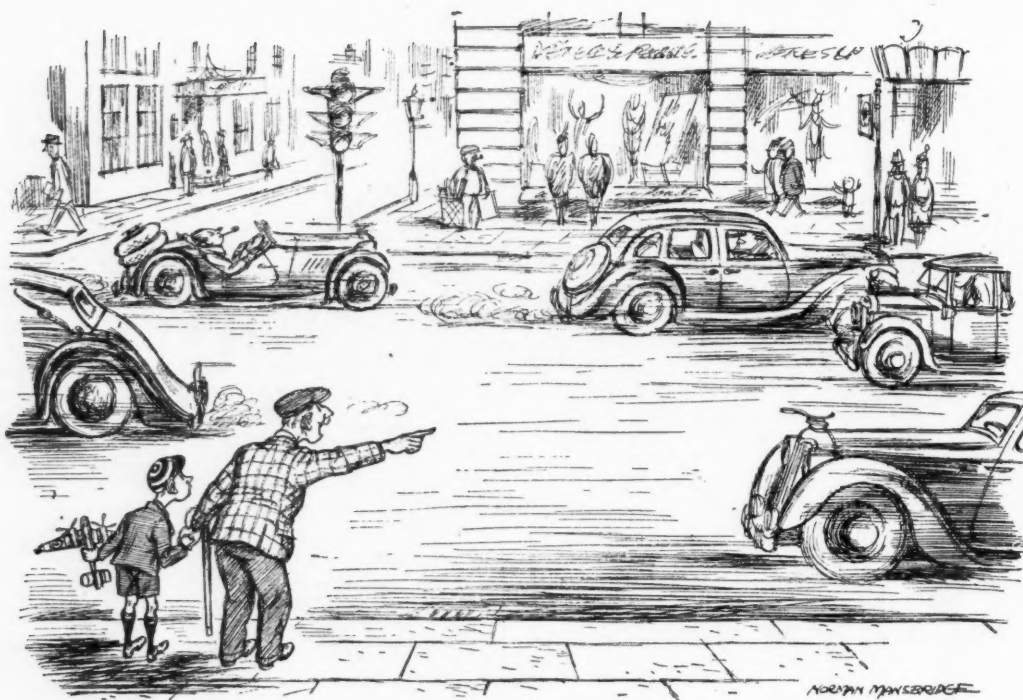
But of course she was right.

V. G.



BRITANNIA IN WONDERLAND

"It was still very uncomfortable . . ."



"... '37 Aston-Martin, Austin Seven 1928, '39 Jaguar, Riley two-seater . . ."

## The Memoirs of Mipsie

By Blanche Addle of Eigg

XXV—Decorative Interlude

AS she journeyed back to England, utterly alone on the *Aquitania*, Mipsie's sad thoughts had once more to turn to the question of her living—what to embark on and who was to finance it; for she was now decidedly past her first youth and it came hard to contemplate, after so many years in business, using her own capital. Still, as she so romantically put it, "if real gilt-edged beauty is a woman's stock the market will never be dull." And this dictum was soon proved.

She had of course instantly attracted attention and admiration on board ship, partly by reason of her looks and partly by her deep mourning, unrelieved by any jewels except a triple rope of pearls, a solitary solitaire ring, a few simple diamond bracelets and a large sobbing gnome in brilliants, the tears being executed in sapphires, which was her husband's last commission to his jewellers before taking

his life. It was a touching memento of him which she was proud to wear and only sold when she reached England because she was, unfortunately, allergic to gnomes, especially on the person. But to return to the *Aquitania*.

A certain millionaire peer, whom I will call Lord B., was also crossing to England, and was just the type of financier Mipsie was seeking. A chance remark of his, when she had made some comment on the decoration of the ballroom—"But you are the chief decorator, Lady Millicent," gave her an idea. She had always loved the home beautiful. Why not consecrate her talents to the décor profitable? Lord B. seemed only too anxious to finance her. By the end of the voyage he had reached his goal and Mipsie knew that her future was assured.

She started "MILLCENT BRISKETT" at a time when there was still the craze for modern furniture and decoration. With her usual thoroughness Mipsie

threw herself into the trend, and indeed added several new ideas herself. Many will remember her drain-pipe tables and her wire-netting sofas, which made a lasting impression on all who encountered them. "Strip, strip and strip again—and then begin constructive work" was her motto. She held that humanity, silted up by ennui, needed everything new to refresh its jaded palate. So she designed glass tables and wooden tumblers, tea-sets of metal, and spoons and forks of china. It was all rather beyond my humble brain, and Addle became quite angry when I let Mipsie redecorate his study as a surprise after a fishing holiday. He said he "wouldn't have his house turned into a damned operating theatre." So sadly I sent everything back and replaced the old stag's heads—(Mipsie had installed chromium cats) and Morris wall-paper. One or two other clients did the same, I believe, and it



was most unfortunate that Lord de Quinsy's little daughter fell down in a kind of fit on seeing the nursery which Mipsie had designed for her for the first time. The indisposition was only a coincidence of course, but it created a bad impression.

Luckily, however, my sister's guardian angel never quite deserts her, and at about this time her own taste underwent a drastic change and swung right over to the antique. She held that humanity, instinctively ruled by fear, clung to established forms. From then on she sought only the mellowed, the time-worn, the faded and the worm-eaten. She delighted especially in finding for her American clients what she well knew, from marriage to Julius, they would most appreciate—"a bit of olde England." No trouble was too great for the discovery of these precious relics. She would send her scouts into every little inn and lonely farmhouse in the country, while she sat at the end of a telephone at Claridge's, scarcely daring to move lest one of them should telephone with tidings of a new purchase. She was very clever too in converting unusual objects for domestic use—a gibbet for a lamp-standard, an old millstone for a fender stool, bagpipes for cushions and so forth.

From 1934 to 1938 her business was very successful, and I was beginning to hope that her luck had turned and her disasters were all behind her. Alas, how wrong I was!

She dealt, naturally, in pictures as well as furniture, though she was always a little diffident about these, feeling a lack of the highest expertise. (Tiresome little things such as Van Eyck and Van Dyck having names so similar confused her.) Always over-conscientious, she would insist on going to see any picture purchased from her hung, so as to be certain it was well placed. Often she would take it back to reframe.

Suddenly a client who had just returned from America startled her by saying that he had seen the Vermeer which he had bought from "MILLCENT BRISKETT" in a private house in Washington. Its owner had purchased it from Mipsie too, and both clients had paid the price of an original Vermeer. Unfortunately the story got about, and in less than a month twelve other clients had had their pictures, which they bought as old masters, pronounced as fakes by experts. All had let the canvases be sent back to Mipsie for reframing.

My sister was appalled. Could she conceivably have mixed the pictures up while they were at the shop? It



*"Don't stop him, darling! It's his form of self-expression."*

was not an impossibility, for she was always adorably vague. She could only plead her ignorance and beg, with many tears, her clients' forgiveness. She visited each one in turn and all agreed not to prosecute—except one. He was a chartered accountant. "No figure means anything to me except on paper," he told Mipsie bluntly. He brought, in 1939, an action against her for fraud.

How my dear sister, with her delicate sensitiveness and frail finances, would ever have stood the case I know not. I was already considering selling my tiara, after having it copied (Mipsie knew all about having copies made to order—so clever of her) so that Addle need not know, when the last

great calamity broke upon us all on that fatal September day. The chartered accountant, thank heaven, agreed to drop the case, and Mipsie was saved. We must all remember that Hitler did that one good thing in his life.

M. D.

"In Berlin to-day Field-Marshal Montgomery decorated two Russian Marshals, Marshal Zhukov and Marshal Rokosovsky. Marshal Zhukov the Commander of the Russian zone in Germany received the honour of the Grand Commander of the Bath and Marshal Rokosovsky, the order of Knight Commander of the Bath. The Ceremony took place at the Brendon Bracken Gate."—*Burmese paper.*

Since, of course, renamed.

## Our War-Time Query Corner

Ask Evangeline!

**Q.** My fiancée, Connie, complained of feeling warm as we sat resting beside a big gasometer recently, so I suggested she should take off her jacket. She replied that she could not do this as the striped blouse I imagined I saw showing at the neck was in reality only a false front. "But what about these striped cuffs I can see peeping out of your jacket sleeves?" I persisted. "Those," she said, "are just false cuffs hanging on a piece of tape," and she pulled one down to show me. Another day I admired a rather dressy skirt and was told it was just a false bottom, consisting of merely a half width of material, tacked to her petticoat. On yet a third occasion I made the disturbing discovery that she was going about in a pair of false socks—just fair-isle tops without any feet; and heaven alone knows what further falsities her outer clothing conceals. While it is gratifying to find the woman of one's choice supporting the make-do-and-mend campaign with such zest, I cannot help feeling a tiny bit apprehensive lest the habit is going to be prolonged into that post-war life to which Connie and I are looking forward. Do you think this sort of thing grows on a woman?

SPR. INCHBALD MOULT, R.E.

**A.** It certainly seems to have got rather a hold on Connie. If it makes her happy to go about clad in odds and ends, so much the better for the family resources, but the trouble is that one never knows how far the same *motif* will be introduced into the *ménage* of your home. She sounds the type of girl that would go in for mock crab, bread trifle and poor man's duck. Ask yourself too how you would feel sitting in a scrap of false shirt beside an imitation fire, reaching unthinkingly towards an imitation shelf-full of books. Also nothing is more uncomfortable than to go to bed with a pair of false sheets.

**Q.** If, as they say, there is soon to be organized domestic labour, do you not think there should also be a Gentlemen's Auxiliary Service? I cannot help noticing how nicely my husband has come on since the Home Guard closed down and I began training him in the scullery. I admit there was a bad patch at the beginning when his idea was to wash up dishes collectively by slinging a bucket of water over them on the draining-board, and

he used to try to get out on his free afternoon without sterilizing pussy's milk saucer and scouring the bottom of the canary's cage, but constant vigilance soon broke him of these habits. It is such a relief too that he does not plant himself before the mirror for hours twiddling up his hair into Ingrid Bergman curls as my last maid did.

AGATHA SHELLEY-TOPLADY (Mrs.).

**A.** Much might be done with the right type of man; indeed for the next decade or so some of the kingdom's leading potato-peelers will be men; but the thing would need organization. Man, as distinct from woman, is the reasoning animal; he thinks along abstract lines. Thus it would be useless to tell William, Clarence or Stanley as the case may be, to take a handful of flour or a piece of butter the size of a walnut. He would require a laboratory balance with gramme weights. Similarly, it would be unkind to expect him to fiddle about with, say, a temperamental vacuum-cleaner until he got it fixed. Men like to work from blue-print elevations of such objects, in this way raising even quite menial little household jobs to what one might call office status.

For uniform I like the idea of a trim boiler-suit in striped washing fabric, but do not think we could insist on a cap. In my own household I should take a firm line from the start *re* policewomen and milk-girls.

**Q.** After four years in the W.L.A. it is a little sad to find I am no nearer my cows than I was on the day when I first decided to throw in my lot with Nature. I like cows but they don't seem to like me. Is there anything I can do for it? Sometimes I think they can't have any warm feeling at all, because I spend literally hours in their company, yet if I slap one playfully on the flanks and cry "Wooshie!" or anything of the sort, it just draws away. LAND-GIRL ZITA WILLEY.

**A.** If you slapped me on the flanks and cried "Wooshie" I should draw away too and I am not devoid of warm feeling. You must remember that the cow is a sedate animal and dislikes to have its mental processes disturbed by scraps of ill-timed badinage, so if you yourself are not the reflective type, it is useless to aspire to the freemasonry of the shippoon. Could you not find

instead some nice friend among the other land-girls? As to that indifference towards your person of which you complain—maybe they do not realize you are a person. If you court their company to the extent you say, they have probably got you confused in their minds with static objects such as electric milking machines and mash buckets.

\* \* \* \* \*

**Q.** Whilst out for a stroll the other evening I came upon the unusual spectacle of an elderly lady farmer smoking a clay pipe and building a pigsty for herself. She said she was doing it to show how trained builders could be done without. The bricks, she added, had been collected in ones and twos from urban districts when surface shelters were in process of erection and brought home in a macintosh bag. As I prepared to move on, there was a loud creak and I turned to see this person disappearing through her own foundations; all the same, the incident gave me an idea. Do you not agree that it might be a good plan for housing authorities to dump quantities of bricks and sand-piles in selected areas and let those requiring houses build their own? What I say is: "Give us the bricks and we will begin the job."

(Mr.) LACEY NOSEWORTHY (Pillwell).

**A.** Hats off to Mr. Noseworthy for a profoundly thoughtful suggestion! The thing only needs publicizing in a nation-wide Let the People Build campaign for hundreds of houseless persons to begin at once indulging those varied little fads and fancies which make for colour in a community and undermine that dread menace of regimentation which toils in the wake of prefabricated home-making. Results may be amateurish at first of course, but the scheme will have the advantage of providing whole families with a novel and healthful leisure-time occupation for years to come. Pipes, I fancy, will be our major problem, but it is astonishing what can be effected through trial and error, and if we end with an unwieldy bunch suspended from the ceiling of the main reception-room, well, what of it?—maybe your neighbour has got his converging under the dining table or combining with a couple of grids and stop-cocks to block up his vestibule. After all, queens have wept in Versailles.

**Q.** I am not surprised at anything aeroplanes do these days, but when I read in the paper the other morning that they can now pick people off the ground while flying at 130 miles an hour, I said to my daughter: "Well, upon my word, a nice thing if a respectable body was on her way to buy a bit of crocheted cotton for some between-seasons vests like me this afternoon and, before she could say Jack Robinson, found herself on her hands and knees in Nishni-Novgorod or Timbuctoo!" How can folks stop being snatched by planes whose picking-up apparatus has got out of control?

**Mrs. EMMA SPARKS.**

A. In the first place, I understand they sell very good crotchet cotton in Nishni-Novgorod, while in Timbuctoo you would not require any between-seasons vests. It is just a question of what one is accustomed to. Very likely people will get to enjoy these inexpensive trips once they have mastered the technique of dangling in comfort from a 180-foot nylon cable, and this they could practise in their own homes by lashing one end of their old stirrup-pump tubing to an upstairs banister, tying the other in a bowline round their persons and then jumping—first off a low stool, later from the top of a hall cupboard or hatstand, and when really proficient from a precarious perch on something of the ornamental antler type.

As to the reassurance required by relatives and employers following unforeseen withdrawals of the nature you describe, I dare say the B.B.C. will come to the rescue with announcements such as: "We are asked to report that Mr. Ted Oddle, skilled wheel-tapper of Flimsy Junction, who left his home on Saturday last to claim the promised loan of a gardening fork and dibble from a neighbouring house, is now among the upper reaches of the Ubangi, waiting for next year's spring floods, and would like his correspondence forwarded via Umbiwawa and Little Toto. He asks us to state that the dibble is still with him but that the fork was dropped over one of the western counties." Or again: "A Mrs. Isabel Boosey of Stooks, who was last seen two weeks ago quitting the rear door of her residence with a shovelful of cinders, has been located at Palm Beach, Florida. When our correspondent interviewed her she was playing chemin de fer and said, 'Best love to all, and tell Dad there's a bit of brawn in the fridge.'"

\* \* \* \* \*

*Q.* We have some thrilling plans for a wee, miniature version of a

palazzo we saw in Venezia, but the only land my sister and I can afford in this district is a snippet twelve yards square (overlooking a rather lovely backwater of the Manchester Ship Canal) with a giant oak tree, known as the Wormsleyford Oak, bang in the middle of it. This, it now transpires, may on no account be felled, so where are Letitia and I going to live?

C. VALENTINE YOUNGHUSBAND (Miss).

A. This impasse would never have been reached if people would only try to stand on their own feet and exercise a little resourcefulness like that of the lady farmer cited by Mr. Noseworthy of Pillwell (*cf.* former query). Obviously, if you cannot live *round* the tree, Miss Younghusband, you will have to make your home in it in some way. More illustrious persons than the Young-

husbands have been forced up into oak trees; and I doubt whether you would find the head-hunters of Papua living in anything else but trees. Again, I cannot think why those coping with the housing situation in this country do not follow the example of easterners and encourage river-dwelling. With large numbers of disused submarines moored at successive elevations, a comparatively small stretch of backwater could be made to house several dozen venturesome families. Thus, if, as time goes on, you find you are not ideally suited to tree-life, there is always the canal. You would not be able to afford a whole submarine to start with, perhaps, but to begin in a small way you might study the layout of the home-constructed coracle described in last month's issue of *The Outdoor Girl*.



*"No, I don't know. Perhaps it was part of some earlier scheme for trying to make people stand on the right of the escalator."*





"Sorry—only up to £3 on demand."

### *This is a German House.*

**T**HIS is a house which might have been "The Laurels."

Perhaps on this neglected porch once sat  
Some Streicher blameless for his country's morals,  
Some Goering less degenerately fat.  
The garden smiles; and yet I can't forgive in it.  
This is a German house, and now I live in it.

The lounge is stuffed with Schillers and with spears.  
There is a tintype of a scowling baby.  
The mantelshelf holds Baltic souvenirs,  
And an old scent jar. (*Nuits de Belsen*, maybe?)  
That chandelier—what dreary lack of wit in it!  
This is a German room, and now I sit in it.

The place is full of gadgets, and the plumbing  
Is Rome and Gaul together. *Ichabod!*  
The geyser sets up a distracted drumming,  
Then spits out steam like an avenging god.  
The bath is vast; a man might live and die in it.  
This is a German bath, and now I lie in it.

The bedroom has a stove built round with tiles—  
Pale primrose tiles, with orchid shapes convolving.  
A peeling picture shows the Blessed Isles,  
With airborne mermen: scene beyond all solving.  
The bed is deep; a man could lose a jeep in it.  
It is a German bed, and now I sleep in it.

## *H. J.'s Belles-Lettres*

**I**HAD sat down to write this Belle-Lettre about travel, when I became overwhelmed by thoughts of a short manuscript brought back by Mrs. Oscar's boy from a holiday. On the cover it just says "Take care of this scholarly monograph," but inside is as follows:—

### A SHORT HISTORY OF MORONIA

I

Happy is the land that has no geography. Moronia is unfortunate in having more to the square mile than almost any region in the world, and the activities of its enterprising inhabitants have throughout history been thwarted by an abundance of natural features. No sooner has a town begun to grow at the foot of a pass or the confluence of two rivers than floods, denudation, sandstorms, glaciers, or earthquakes have reduced the attractions of the site, so that it reflects great credit on the Moronians that they have developed into a nation at all, and their obstinate figures and weather-beaten minds represent a set-back for Nature comparable to the Panama Canal.

From north to south the land consists mainly of mountains, from east to west of swamps. The trees on the mountains are too small and those in the swamps are too firmly embedded for anything in the way of a timber trade to develop. A few sheep maintain a precarious foothold on the Moronian Alps, but as their wool grows they tend to overbalance and fall off. Agricultural science has at last, however, evolved a breed which has no wool at all and is sufficiently muscular to remain upright in all weathers; but this boiling mutton has not been found suitable for export. Minerals there may be, but if so they are deep in the interior of granite peaks, and it is thought they would turn out to be mainly things like jade. Pumice stone is ejected by volcanoes, it is true, but with such force that it falls many miles beyond the border. Owing to the inclemency of the weather food has to be grown in caves, and a diet in which mushrooms predominate has left its mark on the population.

Early man in Moronia was, on the whole, later than elsewhere: the first flint was chipped at a time when Celtic England was beginning to get slightly bored with iron. The principal prehistoric monument still surviving is a

### PUNCH COMFORTS FUND

**T**HIS Fund, through the generosity of its subscribers, has provided vast quantities of comforts for the Fighting Forces, the Merchant Navy and for the Bombed. Comforts have also been supplied for the Forces of our Allies.

We feel that the time has now come to provide what comforts we can for the men, women and children of the liberated areas, and for the pitiful human beings released from concentration camps. Many appeals are being made to us to help relieve this terrible situation.

#### PLEASE HELP

Donations will be most gratefully received and acknowledged by Mr. Punch, PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

*Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940*



"Yes, it's my husband—he adores children."

small square stone lying beside a hole of much the same size. The Roman Conquest was not followed by any serious occupation and is thought to have been imposed on a mutinous legion as a penalty. Moronia was known as Provincia Inferior, and having been presented by the Consuls to the Senate and by the Senate to the Consuls was used as a place of banishment under the Empire, although for a short time Marcus Aurelius used it as the location of his pleasure lodge. During the Barbarian Invasions the land was unscathed, and many were the ruthless conquerors by whom its timidly proffered allegiance was brusquely refused. The boundaries of the Carolingian empire were carefully drawn to exclude it, and while Byzantium reckoned it part of Western Europe, Charlemagne and his successors firmly attributed it to the East.

Civilization in Moronia dawns with its conversion by the hermit Ovis. He found the inhabitants pathetically eager to share in the benefits of civilization and instructed them in the arts of meditation, pottery and roofing. His attempts to train them to sing, however, were defeated by the custom of wearing fur respirators. Yet another dawn in the history of this unfortunate people was the opening of a trade route. Merchants flatly refused to cross the country, and bullied the inhabitants into transporting goods from one side to the other themselves. As the bales were carefully sealed before entry and the seals inspected on arrival the Moronians did not gain much from this traffic except fees for portage, which usually took the form of bills of exchange, these relieving the shortage of parchment if little else. Yet about 1250 Moronia suddenly and transiently had its Golden Age. Hitherto there had been no political institutions owing to the lack of foreign invasion, economic life and internal conflicts; but about this time Travellers' Tales of what was happening elsewhere so fired the imagination of the people that they held a social and voted themselves the proceeds of any taxation which might occur in the next hundred years. They also issued a general declaration of war, wisely not specifying any particular country and,

moreover, passed a law which said that anyone who broke it would not be given a vote at the next assembly.

At this time, too, we find a national hero, a national poet and a national style of building. The hero was Las Panjm, the golden-natured one, who bit a tyrant during a revolution in Naples. Although neither he nor his victim was a native of their own country, when the Moronians heard this story they immediately signalized their admiration for the brave deed by chipping an imaginative statue of the hero from the living rock, the only one in the country. The poet was also a foreigner, as was to be expected, but one resident within their frontiers owing to arson and the like. Reduced by exile, he learned the language of his hosts, and on finding that as all nouns ended in "a" and all verbs in "o" rhyming was easy, he strung off some verses on how much he would like to be back in various parts of the world. These were committed first to memory and then to writing by the Moronians, and the knowledge of them was made compulsory by a second outburst of legislation, this laying the foundation and much of the superstructure of the educational system.

The national style of building, which also dates from this time of cultural harvest, is that generally known as Middle Moronian, as only in the middle of the country have houses replaced caves or holes in the ground. The materials used are bones cemented with mud, and this gives a certain roughness of surface, both inside and out, the richer family using the flatter bone. Experts have observed that these houses are generally more square than round. The arch, window, chimney, movable door and staircase were unknown till recently, though often wistfully adumbrated.

This concludes the penultimate section of the work.

"The marriage took place at Salters Road Methodist Church, Gosforth, to-day, of Miss Gwendoline Margaret Dodds, Gosforth, and Lieut. Frederick Dodds, of 6, Kensington Avenue, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Robinson, R.N.F., son of Mrs. E. Robinson, of 42, Blackwell Lane, Robinson. The bride was Darlington, and the late Mr. attended by Mrs. K. E. Rawlins and the best man was Lieut. F. McCormack, R.N.F."—*Northern paper*.

Talk about coincidences!



"Trouble, chum?"



*"Ab! The night sleeper to Penzance."*

### *Young Bathers Crossing a Weir*

**G**REEN, green,  
 berg green,  
 ice-fissured,  
 dark,  
 glass-clear  
 the river, curving, slides towards the weir,  
 glides over the stone sill's broad bow-window arc  
 in a lace fan of water, air and light—  
 cream, Queen Anne's white—  
 slides, glides, roars, pounds and shakes, throbs,  
       breaks in spray  
 and tears the lace to shreds, which drift down-  
 stream away.

But on the wide stone sill what cauldron-  
 simmer!

Sun-glint, sun-glance, sun-glimmer!  
 Ribb'd like hard sand,  
 cross-hatched,  
 silk-shot,  
 cross-rippled

the water flows, gold-stippled,  
 fold, ridge, pleat, hollow and pucker sunlight-  
 swilled.

And here  
 like beads from a broken necklace spilled  
 the bathers cross.

With fingers interlaced  
 some step together, delicately as deer  
 scarce splashing the shallow water;  
 some in haste  
 kick glittering showers about them—  
 Oh! and here  
 skimming light as a bird in flight,  
 Halcyon's daughter,  
 one runs  
 (on the water? On the air?),  
 and sheer  
 through ten cool feet of the mill-pool  
 you see her pass  
 ere the first ripple flaws its antique glass.

R. C. S.





### THE BOOK OF FAME

"Will you sign, please?"

*(With the British Empire's gratitude)*



*"Wait till it turns green, dear."*

## On Top

1

THE bus came alongside. Instead of offering its back to the queue it presented an unbroken middle. What next! We stared at the bus—it *was* a bus—and at one another. "Mind the door!" came the conductor's voice faintly. Surprisingly a panel slid open.

"Is this," asked a woman doubtfully, "a number eleven?"

"It's marked plain enough," I said. But I wasn't too certain.

We shambled on, trying not to look bewildered, confronting new kinds of steps, new seats, new handrails. Everyone was staring as though we were new boys at school.

"Seats on top," said the conductor. "Mind that door now." The door slid to, the bus slid away as easily.

But where the devil were the stairs? We groped, we ambled about; people by now were smiling and helpful. They pointed out seats where we shouldn't have expected them. We all found places and sat down. Well, well. There had been nothing like it since the cushioned trams came in.

This was the new bus, then. Had it been in the papers? Yes, it seemed so. A serious-looking man—bank messenger or post office clerk—smoking his pipe with relish, as though he were home already, told us he had read about it only last night. Yes, it incorporated . . . a list of improvements followed. They were giving it a trial on certain routes. That made us feel important.

2

Not so important, perhaps, as when I first sat in the rain behind the top-hatted driver (was it a topper, though?), who dangled a long whip over his three horses and cracked it against a tin advertisement on the side of the bus as a signal to the conductor to pull his bell-string. When you went on top in those days you really were on top of everything. And you could talk to the driver. I wasn't of an age, though, that he would answer back.

. . . "Grandpa, do you really remember the horse-buses?"

. . . "Certainly, my boy, as though it were yesterday."

. . . "And do you remember the coaches, and Stephenson's Rocket?"

Damn it, I still *run* for my bus. Queues permitting, of course.

3

I recall smoking my first cigarette on a bus-top. Ah, innocence! That was when we'd got to solid tyres and an engine that billowed steam. What was the green monster's name? Tilling, I believe. I was eleven. Either Tilling or cheap fags made me turn greener than the bus.

4

But I didn't like going inside even in weather that seeded out all save the select few with red noses and umbrellas. Up went the gamps at the first shower, like mushrooms on a hillside, and then everyone buttoned himself in with a kind of tarpaulin that hooked on the seat in front and covered the lap. Children's push-carts have something of the sort, better fitting. After it had been raining awhile a pint or so of water would collect in the tarpaulin which required great ingenuity to

drain off. A wind would suddenly dart in from the stairs gap lifting all the tarpaulins with a hearty smack and emptying the water in the faces of the occupants. Those were high times, when a man wasn't afraid of a drop of water.

"I think you were all very silly then," said the child—another child this time—whose, I can't imagine. "What a way to travel about!"

"And we weren't afraid of a drop of whisky, either," I concluded, remembering that, in those days, there was no better place for sobering up than the last bus home on a rainy night.

5

When a roof was clapped on we ceased to be on top. We were outsiders no more. We became blinkered horses. We kept dry. A solicitous Omnibus Company provided us with a covering on the way up.

The war even stopped us looking out. A diamond framed our world. Life passed by as on a ticker-tape: suddenly the machine would stop and we would be left gazing at a section of placard, a man shaving at a first-floor window. And in the black-out one could never quite read a newspaper.

But we of the upper deck keep some measure of independence. We don't give up our seats; we aren't *allowed* to—quite a blessing that. Not that I've ever given up my seat on a bus, except to the prettiest girl. And sometimes to very old women who seem very near the end. As for the seasoned bargain-snatchers in Oxford Street who hang over you dependently, I'd never stir an inch for them unless to score a point later over the dinner-table. "You claim equality," I'd say, gobbling the turbot, "and you expect us to give up our seat on the bus. Be more reasonable." "No we don't," comes the answer. "We pick our man carefully. We know him at a glance."

"The traitor!" I murmur stormily. "The blind, knock-kneed, maundering, shoe-shining—" A flashing of knives and forks continues. I am dining at the house of old friends, whose cook knows how to serve fish. This turbot, now, would be delicious, if only it were turbot.

6

Different kinds of people sit in the different seats. In front there are children, sightseers, shouters, smokers of foul pipes, and (I don't know why) an occasional bus-driver off duty. He has to eye the road perhaps, and he occupies two seats, letting his legs sprawl inwards.

Policemen, on the other hand, sit very upright at the back. It's said, I

don't know with what truth, that they never pay. Donkeys go away to die, and you won't catch a policeman paying.

The back seats in general are reserved for the timid, the peculiar, the unseen. No woman sits there, if she can help it.

Highly privileged is the very back seat of all. In the days when everyone raised his hat passing the Cenotaph, the man in the back seat remained covered. He picked the webbing off the window; now that orders have been given for it to come off, he is probably busy sticking it back again. He reads private letters, eases his buttons, and may even sing. Sometimes I have looked round to catch a glimpse of this enviable man. The stare that meets mine makes me uneasy for the rest of the journey.

7

One learns a good deal about the backs of heads. A pretty girl, that, you think comfortably: she turns out to be a fright. Men don't look their best from the back, what with neck creases, leathery skins, rats' tails of hair. Or no hair at all. They don't seem to care. Here's a fellow showing a slice of canteloupe under his bowler that his wife at one time would have moved heaven and earth to cover.

8

And some passengers like the wind in their faces, some don't. Those who don't get very nervous. They lean over the person in front (who never stirs a finger either in help or protest) and attempt to pull the window up first with one hand and then with two. The window must be pulled and a catch pressed at the same time; it isn't easy. When this has failed everyone around feels happier, wind or no wind. The conductor has probably been watching; sixpennorth of ha'pennies will be unloaded on the offender, just to teach him. Women sometimes try to get a man to raise the window for them, and then the conductor turns nasty. After all, it's his bus. "I'm only going as far as the Angel," he says to a prospective fare. I, not we. He knows when he wants airing and when he doesn't.

On the whole, though, we in the gods are a friendly lot. We feel that the conductor is with us and against those below. A fussy overbearing matron must be dealt with again and again; sarcasms, threats float up to us. It's a phase of the sex war. The conductor has been fighting our battle, better perhaps than we fight it ourselves. He comes up looking grim but

with a wink breaking the mask. Conductresses we get on well with too. They fight the same battle—on our side—but in their case, I suppose, it is the class war. The enemy of the human race is a crass, strident, over-blown female, looking fussed in furs. . . .

9

"Veectawyer! Veectawyer!" cried the conductress.

"Is this Burlington Arcade?"

The enemy of course.

The conductress stares and says carefully, "No, madam, this is *not* Burlington Arcade." Then at large, "Veectawyer! Veectawyer!"

"Would you tell me, please, when I get to Victoria?" Another passenger, all vague smiles.

Too much for the conductress, though. "What do you think I'm wasting my breath for? Veectawyer! All get out here for Veectawyer Station, the Windsor Dive, and Buckingham Palace. Thanking you . . . Some people don't seem to understand plain English."

10

After twenty years, perhaps, you don't know the other end of your bus-route, except as a name on a board.

11

It's nice and spacious, this new model they are trying out, and I wish it luck. The perfect bus, however, would have to be built on very different lines, to include an attic.

There the lovers, the drunks, the knitters, the persons with dogs, the card-players, the complainers could join in happy disunity. Those travelling in the wrong direction would do so without involving others. The heavy sleeper would sleep it off, the chain-smoker cough himself silly.

Omnibus, for all. Well, why not? Why not free seats for tramps as well as policemen? An electric kettle, too?

In the end of course buses will fly.

Those will be the days, my boy, those will be the days.

o o

"DID YOU KNOW THAT—"

There are, in all, five Semetic languages: Arabic, Abyssinian, Hebrew, ancient Phoenician and Babylonian.

In the first six months of war in the Burma theatre, battle casualties amounted to 40,000, and disease casualties to 237,000.

The moon rises 52 minutes later each day.

The human heart has only two main chambers.

Canada has a larger area than the United States.

Sherlock Holmes, famous detective writer, served in the Boer War as a doctor."

Bombay paper.

Stranger than fiction, isn't it?



## Home Chat

"WHY is that man running in the traffic, daddy? Is he a Commando?"

"Which man, my son?"

"The man in the funny shirt and the white knickers."

"I expect he has heard of a flat to let, Peter."

"Darling, please do not get our son into the habit of thinking everything you tell him is nonsense. That is what I complain about when you talk about a puff-puff. One day it will dawn upon him that by puff-puff we simply meant an ordinary train, and he will never take anything else you say seriously."

"Why is the man running, daddy?"

"He is late for dinner, and his wife has invited friends."

"Oh, do tell him, darling."

"The man is trying to get himself fit for civilian life, Peter, by running off his military corpulence."

"What does that mean, mummy?"

"I've no idea, Peter. I was just going to ask you."

"Why does he run where all the shops are?"

"Because that is where he lives. I expect he hopes eventually to come to some grass; but he has to start running the moment he puts his foot outside the door."

"Why does he?"

"He feels cold, for one thing."

"And silly, for another."

"I don't know why he should feel silly, in rugby kit."

"I think he looks very silly running along Knightsbridge at this time of day in little white knickers."

"He would look sillier walking in them, casually, with a stick . . . and a dog . . ."

"Yes, yes, go on, darling . . . and a buttonhole."

"Did you ever run along the street in white knickers, daddy?"

"I did."

"It was certainly before he met me, darling."

"What happened?"

"I expect daddy got one of his early morning coughing attacks."

"What happened one night, just as I was coming back, very tired indeed, with no wind left, hardly able even to raise a trot, was that I turned into my road and a beautiful girl ran up, pointing after a man in a flapping macintosh and shouting: 'Stop him! Stop him! He has taken my purse!'"

"Did you have to run after him?"

"If I know daddy, he said: 'Yes,

yes, some other time perhaps,' or, 'Oh, I say, couldn't you get somebody else?'"

"Not at all. I made a brave attempt. Unfortunately I lost the man down a side turning, because I was so exhausted when I started, and when the beautiful girl came up, instead of her saying: 'Oh, thank you, thank you, a thousand times, I don't know what I should have done if you had not torn after him like that!' I had to explain that I had not been able to catch him."

"So really, darling, if you had stolen the purse, and the beautiful girl had asked the man in the macintosh to run after you, she would have got it back?"

"She was naturally a little surprised that anyone of my superb physique, and dressed in college, or athletic attire, could not overtake an elderly and underfed citizen, impeded by a rain-coat and unlaced boots, and she seemed to wonder why I had not shouted, to make him turn round, she said, and then he might have fallen over through not looking where he was going. So I explained that I had no wind to shout."

"What happened then?"

"The beautiful girl had no money, and I couldn't lend her any, having no pockets in my shorts; so I said that if she would come to my address, I would get her some."

"Did she have to run beside you, daddy?"

"Not 'run,' darling. Daddy could not have kept up."

"When we got to my address, the old lady I lived with then had gone out for a moment . . ."

"With a jug under her apron?"

"Because she had not expected me back so soon, so we just had to stand there."

"I suppose the beautiful girl took off her mink coat and wrapped it round you, darling?"

"Daddy, why wasn't I there to let you in?"

"Because at the time this happened . . ."

"I should be very surprised, Peter, if it ever did happen."

"Did it happen, daddy?"

"Well, I am not going to say it actually happened, Peter, but, seeing that man running, and beginning to think of all the funny things that might happen to him, while he was tired . . ."

"Exactly, and so it goes on. Just

because you have been away all these years you think you can come back and tell us all kinds of fantastic stories about the things you did, with no one to question you or dispute it; and now it is even going to spread, apparently, to descriptions of the wonderful things you did *before* the war. And that is where we *can* interrupt. I have already asked you, darling, not to get our son into the habit of thinking everything you tell him is utter nonsense . . ."

"Very well, my sweet, you can have it which way you like. But in that case we will take him home, and while you are putting him to bed I shall give him the first of a series of lectures on ballistics."

"What on earth are they?"

"If, as the wife of an officer, you do not know even that, you had better attend the lecture, darling."

o o

## What Are Friends For?

"HELLO?"

"Hello."

"Hawthorne 1066?"

"Who's that?"

"Is that Eric?"

"Fraplow speaking."

"Eric, my dear old boy! I didn't recognize your voice. It's Bernard here."

"Who?"

"Bernard. Bernard Braithwaite."

"It's Fraplow here. Eric Fraplow. Are you on the right number? This is Hawthorne 1066."

"Don't be a silly ass, Eric. This is Bernard Braithwaite. Don't pretend you don't remember me. Why, we had enough laughs together in the old days. How's Edith?"

"Who?"

"Edith. Your wife, my dear boy."

"My wife? Oh, Ethel's very well."

"I meant Ethel of course; did I say Edith? How stupid of me. I must have been thinking of—"

"Look, Bowthorpe—"

"Braithwaite, old boy, if you must. But why not call me Bernard. Let joy be unconfined."

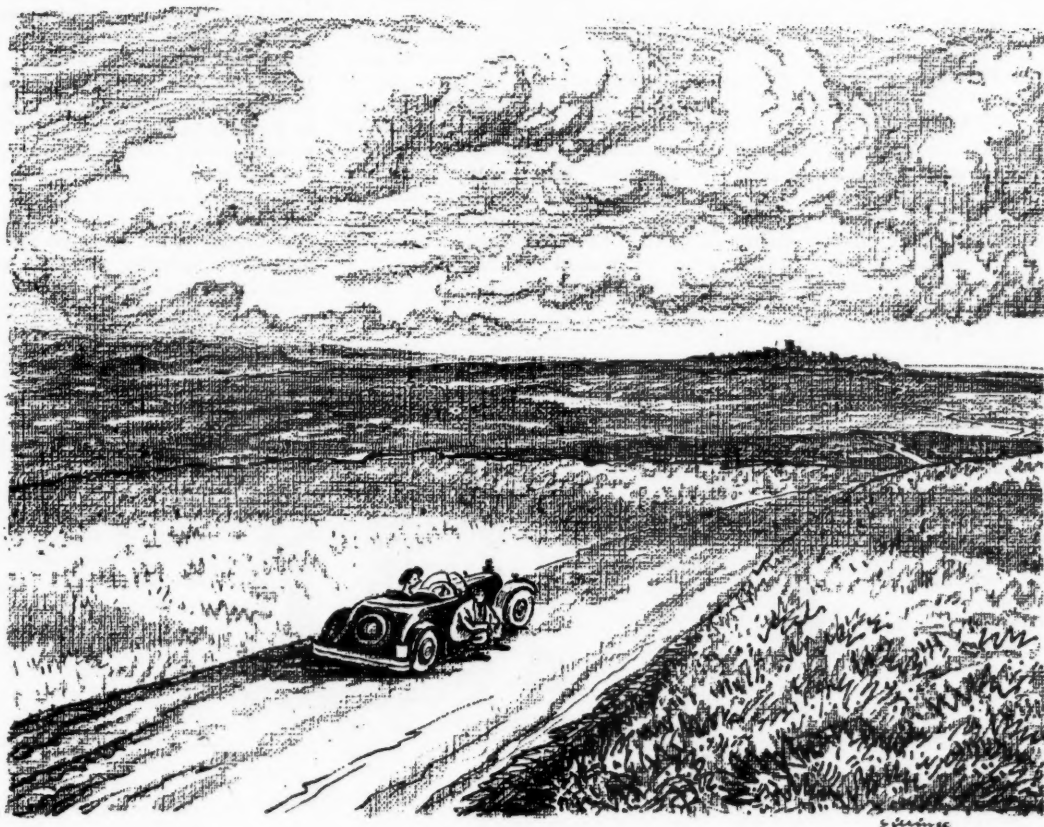
"Let what?"

"Never mind. I only said call me Bernard, and don't be so badly standoffish."

"All right, then—Dermott."

"Not Dermott—Bernard. 'B' for—"

"I was only going to say, is this a business call? Because it's a bit late, and the—"



*"If only there'd been an increase in the basic we might have got to Moorton AND back as far as this before running out."*

"Does it sound like a business call, you old chump? I merely said to myself, 'It's a terribly long time since I heard from old—er—'"

"Eric."

"Thanks, but I was trying to recall your silly surname as you're being so bally formal. 'It's a terribly long time,' I said to myself, 'since I heard from old Fraplow. I think I'll just give him a tinkle on the old blower.' Incidentally, Eric, how long is it since we met, you and I? Must have been before the war, I suppose?"

"I suppose so. Look, Borthwaite—"

"Braithwaite."

"—Ethel and I are just in the middle of dinner, as a matter of fact—"

"Pretty late for dinner, isn't it? Nearly half-past nine."

"Oh, is it as late as that? Well, anyway—"

"Did you come through the blitz all right?"

"Oh, yes, we—"

"Flying-bombs worry you at all?"

"Well, of course, we had—"

"Any trouble with the rockets?"

"Well, naturally, there were times—"

"Anyway, you still have a roof over your heads, eh?"

"Oh, rather. Look, it's been very nice hearing—"

"How's business, these days? Pretty busy, I suppose, with all the blitzing, people coming back to London clamouring for houses and flats, what?"

"You needn't think we estate agents are making anything out of it, you know. The only property changing hands does so privately, and as for making any money out of—"

"Eric, really! What an idea! I was only thinking you must get fed up with saying 'No, no, no,' all day over the phone."

"Look, Smorthwaite, I asked you if this was a business call—!"

"And I said it wasn't, and it isn't. Not really. But since you brought the

subject up—I suppose you haven't got a decent furnished flat on the books with plate and linen about three rooms kitchen and bath not more than six guineas a week or we would take something smaller or bigger or it needn't even be furnished actually because we've got enough stuff for a couple of rooms and at a pinch we could borrow the plate and linen and even if there isn't a bath we could manage somehow and when I say not more than six guineas that doesn't mean I wouldn't go to ten for something really—hello! Are you there? Hello, Eric! Hello . . . hello . . . Exchange, what happened to my—? Oh, did they? . . . Swine . . .!"

J. B. B.

o o o

H'm

"Goering had a heart attack during a storm last night. There is now a question whether he can figure in the War Crimes trial without endangering his life."

Stop-press column.

## At the Play

"GREAT CATHERINE" AND "PASSION, POISON, AND PETRIFICATION"  
(CHANTICLEER)

ANYONE who can give without fumbling a coherent summary of the plot of *Passion, Poison and Petrification* is a Shavian indeed. *Great Catherine*, though, also off the main stream, is better known, but SHAW's "brief tragedy for barns and booths" ranks with *The Glimpse of Reality*, *The Inca of Peru*, *Salome* and *Press Cuttings* among plays that collectors should snap up when they appear. They pass this way but once in a blue moon.

The Chanticleer people have been cheerfully adventurous. It seems harsh, then, to suggest that their double bill—bracketing the historical-satirical and the farcical-fantastic—is short commons for an evening in the theatre. There is ample room here for a third piece in a trinity of surprises. Why not that so-called "disgrace to the author," *The Fascinating Foundling*? (Scene: The office of the Lord Chancellor.) As it is, we open at the Winter Palace of St. Petersburg in 1776. In *Great Catherine* SHAW again produces a familiar butt, his dyed-in-the-wool Englishman, obvious partner for the Britannus of *Cæsar and Cleopatra*. This time the fellow's name is *Captain Edstaston* of the Light Dragoons, "mentioned in dispatches as a highly intelligent officer." He finds the Russian Court both extravagant and boorish. After being trussed up for twenty minutes at *Catherine's* feet while she tickles his ribs with the Imperial toe, he is anxious to explain to her what is proper and not proper. She must curb these Russian extravagances. She must marry some good man who will be a strength and a support to her age. And—an after-thought—she must abolish the stove; nothing can match the old open grate. So the Captain runs on in a flow of "plain, wholesome English advice," richly out of key at the Winter Palace, however well it would sound at home. (SHAW kindly supplies *Edstaston's*

address: Spire View, Deepdene, Little Mugford, Devon.)

This amiable and widely unprotracted jest still wears well. True, the Chanticleer company is not always happy in its work. The *Edstaston* needs more weight and precision, and Miss JOAN HOPKINS—though she can speak with an agreeable bite—hardly persuades us that *Catherine* holds the Russian throne. That preposterous stage Russian *Count Patiomkin* comes off best, as played by Mr. LAURENCE PAYNE. The actor has the right

tune used to be "Bill Bailey.") This artful nonsense is rattled through at the Chanticleer with all convenient speed and gusto; Mr. ROBERT MARSDEN revels in that sumptuous dastard *Fitztollemache*, who has (he explains) a passionate nature. Others cope gallantly with the fooling, especially *Lady Magnesia's* maid, the far from neat-handed *Phyllis* of Miss JACQUELINE GELSTHORP. Mr. JOHN MAXWELL, who produces, has changed the sex of doctor and landlord, now both women. (The landlord has to face some of

the grimmest of SHAW's phonetic sentences. Translate, for instance: "Aushd pat 'im in the cestern an worsh it aht of 'im".) A final word. We must regret that Mr. MAXWELL has shied at the most bewitching stage direction in the whole canon. This one: "A thunderbolt enters the room, and strikes the helmet of the devoted constable, whence it is attracted to the waistcoat of the doctor by the lancet in his pocket. Finally it leaps with fearful force on the landlord, who, being of a gross and spongy nature, absorbs the electric fluid at the cost of his life." That is all; it must be Mr. SHAW's reply to the Shakespearean "Exit, pursued by a bear." J. C. T.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" (OPEN AIR)

It is just fifty years since Mr. SHAW complained of Augustin Daly's massacre of the *Dream*, with its *Puck* on a flying trapeze and its "panoramic illusion of the passage of *Theseus's* barge to Athens."

He would find no comparable eccentricities at Regent's Park. Mr. ROBERT ATKINS's pastoral production is as clear and reasonable as it has always been. There may be acting disappointments here and there—among them an *Oberon* without melody—but there are also pleasures in abundance. The *Puck* of Mr. JOHN BRYNING is one of the best since LESLIE FRENCH—no animated gargoyles, but the "merry wanderer of the night" he should be—and *Bottom* (Mr. GEORGE HAYES), most likeable of moon-calves, does not labour his fooling. This summer, we must note, Mr. ATKINS is able once more to flood-light the stage as evening wanes. J. C. T.



"AND THE BOLDEST HELD HIS BREATH, FOR A TIME."

<i>Magnesia</i> . . . . .	MISS MARGOT VAN DER BURGH
<i>Adolphus</i> . . . . .	MR. OLAF OLSEN
<i>Phyllis</i> . . . . .	MISS JACQUELINE GELSTHORP
<i>Fitztollemache</i> . . . . .	MR. ROBERT MARSDEN

rough-and-tough manner, and he enjoys himself both when the old rascal is vodka-blurred in the first scene and "diplomatically drunk" in the second.

The companion play is a curious Shavian minnow, a burlesque tragedy written for the Theatrical Garden Party in 1905. As presented now it is a quarter of an hour or so of utter delirium. We are to suppose that *Adolphus Bastable*, having been poisoned by *George Fitztollemache*, takes as antidote the melted plaster bust of *Lady Magnesia*. The plaster sets inside him, and *Magnesia* and *George* solemnly erect him as a living statue to his own memory, while angelic voices sing "Clementine." (The



## Economic Slang—A Glossary

WHEN I was at school it was taken for granted that every boy's ambition was to become an engine-driver. At St. Coma's even the masters took it for granted—at least they were clever enough to let us think they did. Throughout the school it was generally accepted that any boy obtaining first-class hon. in Oxford Locals became entitled to his pick of L.M.S. footplates. Second and third-class hon. carried driving appointments at the goods yard or cross-country route level. A plain pass might see you into the guard's van but there was no guarantee of this. A failure could not expect to climb much higher than ticket-collector or stationmaster.

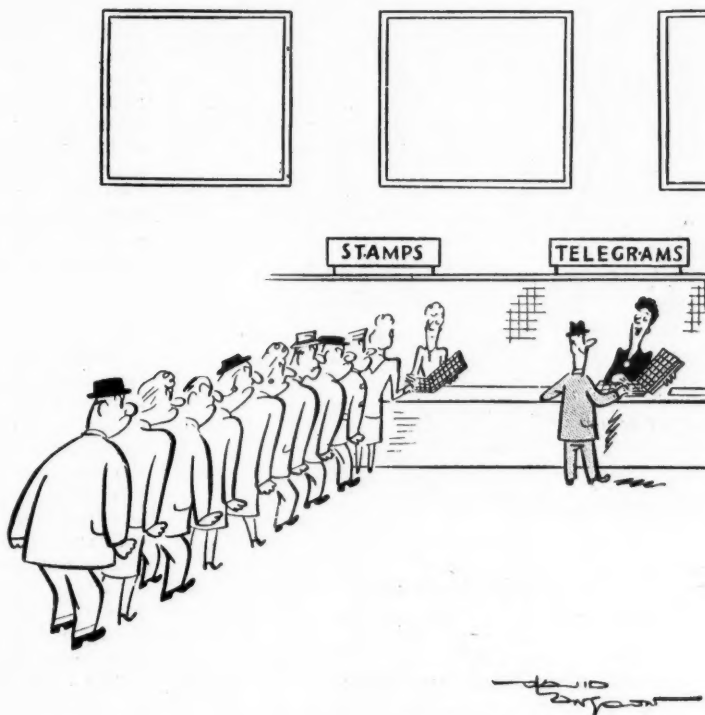
What a difference these thirty or so years have wrought! To-day our youngsters work and fret with one objective—to fit themselves for the high calling of economics. Of course they have heard their fathers talking. There is now a much wider and clearer understanding of the duties of citizenship and there is a common anxiety among all classes to assist as usefully as possible in the moral and physical regeneration of the country. During the next ten years or so there will be a vast amount of work to be done. Someone will be expected to say so in no uncertain terms. There will be colossal disbursements of capital for deferred maintenance and reconstruction projects. Someone will be needed to act as observer. To finance these schemes millions of pounds sterling must be collected from the public in direct and indirect taxes. Someone, someone completely disinterested and non-participating, must be asked to comment on this.

That someone is of course the economist—the practical economist.

In addition to this dynamic functionary the nation will need the services of the economist of pure theory. He is a man dwelling apart from the main actuarial stream of life; a man living not with his fellows but off them. He it is that must warn the nation of what might have happened, other things being equal, had the policy put into practice worked out differently.

There are other species neither purely practical nor purely theoretical—all quite useful to society. For convenience they may be classed as marginal economists.

I say all this because I know that



"Two pennies and two tuppenny-ha'pennies?—certainly, sir."

there are many people looking at this moment for pre-vocational guidance and training. For those who feel themselves misfits in their present jobs and are thinking of changing over to economics I append a short selected bibliography. Works marked with one star (\*) may be considered sound but out-of-print; with two stars—cheap but useless without a "key" to the exercises; and with three stars—strongly recommended for further reading.

Stahlkammer, L. H., *Economics and the Borderland of Pure Reason*.

A reliable text-book, copiously illustrated. This book should become cheaper.

Aggob, S. de C., *The Wherewithal of Economics*.

Batley Book Club choice for Wednesday, March 22nd, 1944. A book to be borrowed.

Marshall, Alfred. *Principles of Economics*.

A straightforward account, reasonably enthusiastic.

Minshall and Hod, *Hitler's Destiny*.

A brilliantly readable text-book of economics in pamphlet form. Good solid theory illustrated by reference

to the pre-war set-up in Germany. Indispensable. Only a few copies left. Obtainable only from Minshall or Hod, c/o Punch.

Lipson, Harry. *The Bedside Economics*. Definitely adult in treatment.

And now, gentle reader, you will be as anxious as I am to return to the glossary.

*Cum Dividend*. A stockholder's ejaculation of delight on hearing of the first coupon in spring. It is made with pursed lips; the index-finger is hooked and the eye sparkles with a cum-hither look.

*Moratorium*. (See Berengaria.) An extension of time, sanctioned by the Government of the day or week, for payment of debts. Such an extension is granted only in the most ridiculously extenuating circumstances and new applications cannot be entertained.

*Income Tax Rebate*. (Meaning obscure.)

*Invisible Exports*. A very important item in the British trading account. Invisible exports not only pay for invisible imports but leave a substantial invisible balance in Britain's favour. The prospects of a resumption of the trade seem fairly satisfactory. Invisibility is good. Hod.



"—Er—Would you mind?"

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Switzerland

AMONG recent additions to Penguin Books is a delightful volume on Switzerland (*Escape to Switzerland*, 9d.), by Mr. G. R. DE BEER, a former Fellow of Merton, who has collaborated with Edmund Blunden and Sylvia Norman in a study of Shelley, and with Julian Huxley in a treatise on Experimental Embryology. His wide range of interests is reflected in his latest book, which among other things contains short biographies of Marc-Théodore Bourrit, "the Father of Alpine Tourism," and of Jürg Jenatsch, a Swiss patriot of the seventeenth century whose methods were in line with those in general use during the Thirty Years War and who was eventually murdered, probably at the instigation of Richelieu. There is also a chapter on the French General Lecourbe, who in August 1799, when he captured the St. Gothard region from the Austrians, brilliantly exemplified his maxim—"Where one man can place his foot an army can pass." It is disappointing, however, that the even more extraordinary feats in that region of the aged Suvorov should be so cursorily summarized. In his earlier chapters the author, himself a devotee of the Alps, summarizes with judicial fairness the opinions for and against Switzerland expressed by its many famous visitors. Among the numerous enthusiasts are Mark Twain—"There are mountains and mountains and mountains in this world, but only these take you by the heart-strings"; Ruskin—"How dear to the feeling is the pine of Switzerland compared to that of Canada"; and Wagner, whose last act of *Tristan* owed something to a day on the Rigi and whose general debt to the Alps was expressed in—"Let me create more works like those which I conceived in that serene and glorious Switzerland . . . they were masterpieces and nowhere else could I have conceived them." Wordsworth, on the other hand, thought the Alps too high to produce the sublime effect of the

mountains in the Lake District; Coventry Patmore spoke of "the brutal and dog-tooth outlines of the Alps"; to Rilke the Swiss mountains "are something of a stumbling-block, they are so terribly numerous"; Paderewski, who lived in sight of Mont Blanc for many years, found it all right on Sundays, but preferred something less emphatic on weekdays; Chateaubriand affirmed that "the grandeur of mountains about which so much fuss is made is based only on the fatigue that they cause"; and Dostoevsky, who was much harassed by money troubles during his stay at Geneva, was depressed by Swiss scenery, in marked contrast with Tolstoi who stayed at the best hotel in Lucerne and was enraptured by the lake at night. H. K.

#### The Complete Shelley

Shelley, who called poetry "the most unfailing herald, companion and follower of the awakening of a great people," has dwindled in popular esteem to a nebulous-minded rhymester with two wives. The accent is on the wives; and it is Mr. F. A. LEA's Sisyphean task to replace it on the poet and philosopher. The result of his modest and penetrating scholarship is *Shelley and the Romantic Revolution* (ROUTLEDGE, 12/6), a study—like its theme—far more exhilarating for its conjectures than its conclusions. Starting with a sound notion of the Romantic Movement, as a magnificent effort to get the human head to work with the human heart, one notes the jerry-building that Shelley put into his own spiritual foundations against his own better judgment. His youthful *Address to the Irish People* demanded "individual amendment" as a prelude to "the amendment of a state"; but as time went on, kings, priests, capitalists and what-not came handier than original sin as obstacles to the millennium. Yet dishonest, on occasion, with himself, Shelley is no mean oracle. He even foresaw the time when "the mechanist abridges, and the political economist combines, labour . . . and the vessel of the state is driven between the Scylla and Charybdis of anarchy and despotism." H. P. E.

#### King Rubber

"Rubber," says Miss VICKI BAUM in the introduction to her new book, *The Weeping Wood* (JOSEPH, 12/6), "is rather a grim subject." This statement is amply borne out by the history of the vast army of human beings who have died, without particular reward or memorial, of disease, violence, squalor and disappointment in the wake of rubber as it has developed from a quaint accident of nature to a commodity on which the standard of living in all countries is sprung at an ever-increasing number of points. Only two hundred years span the gulf between the crude attempts at tapping by the Indians on the Rio Negro and the laboratory efficiency of both the modern plantations and the great factories for synthetic rubber fostered by war needs in Europe and the United States. The descendants of the seedlings smuggled out of Brazil, put to kindergarten at Kew and shipped to the East in the last century, are as significant in the record of human endeavour as the latest ersatz formulas of the backroom boys in the chemical combines. It is indeed a grim story, but the fact that your hot-water bottle has become a world priority makes it worth telling and worth telling well. Miss BAUM has done a wonderful job. There must remain something she doesn't know about rubber, but this is not apparent to the layman. I think the book is too long and spreads itself too much on the blindworm extravagances of big business, but it is a very remarkable book for all that. E. O. D. K.

### Pen to Paper

Granted his crotchets, there is no man living who could have produced a wittier and more competent introduction to *English Letter Writers* (COLLINS, 4/6) than Mr. C. E. VULLIAMY. He is all for elegance, and for the eighteenth century as most assiduous in applying that quality to its correspondence. But he does distinguish between English Letter Writers, like Horace Walpole, and Writers of English Letters, like Keats, and admits the occasionally superior stature of the latter. His entertaining survey—the text of a “Britain in Pictures” volume—shows how a beneficent lack of transport, from the end of the Roman occupation to the Regency, made for domestic contentment and such social graces as conversation and letter-writing. Typical phrases from writers as remote as the Pastons and the Lawrences (T. E. and D. H.) give period and personal flavour. There is no room to quote entire letters. The author notes that women are the most personal, intuitive and observant correspondents. He is unjust to Mrs. Thrale, but his tribute to Charlotte Brontë, reinforced by one of the book’s most telling illustrations, is apposite and deserved. Fitzgerald is praised rather for his melodious prose than for his poet’s transfiguration of common things—the Cowper–Dorothy Wordsworth touch, which is the best of all.

H. P. E.

### The President of the Basques

M. JOSÉ ANTONIO DE AGUIRRE, who was President of the Basques when they were attacked by General Franco, Hitler and Mussolini, gives a vivid account of the struggle in *Freedom Was Flesh and Blood* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6). In spite of the enormous odds against them, and in spite of the obliteration of Guernica by German planes, the Basques held out for eleven months. After their surrender, many of them went into exile, President AGUIRRE making his headquarters in Paris until May 1940. On the eighth of that month he went with his wife and children to La Panne, a small town on the Belgian coast, ten miles from Dunkirk. There they were surprised, two days later, by the German invasion, and leaving La Panne, with a crowd of refugees, made for the French frontier, the Nazis machine-gunning them incessantly as they struggled along. All this is extremely well described, with numerous small details evoking the confusion and wretchedness of their situation, which reached its climax of misery when the French guards at the frontier refused to let them pass. Later, President AGUIRRE, converting himself into “Dr. Alvarez of Panama,” went to Berlin, where he escaped detection and managed at last to leave for Rio de Janeiro. In a final chapter, President AGUIRRE, who is a devout Catholic, analyses the Christian dictatorships of the Latin Union, which he defines as “the Rome–Vichy–Madrid–Lisbon Axis and its attempted tie-up with Buenos Aires.” His analysis, which will convince most of his readers, deals with the Latin Union from the standpoint of one who has had first-hand experience of Franco fighting for Christian civilization.

H. K.

### An Artist in the City

The old uncertainty as to which came first, the hen or the egg, is apt to arise in the case of such a book as *London’s Glory* (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 15/-). It consists of twenty reproductions, some in colour, some in black-and-white, of paintings of the ruins of London’s city, by a Polish lady, Madame WANDA OSTROWSKA, with text by Miss VIOLA G. GARVIN, and artist and author are so perfectly in accord that readers may be forgiven for wondering, until they read the Foreword, to which of them the book owes its

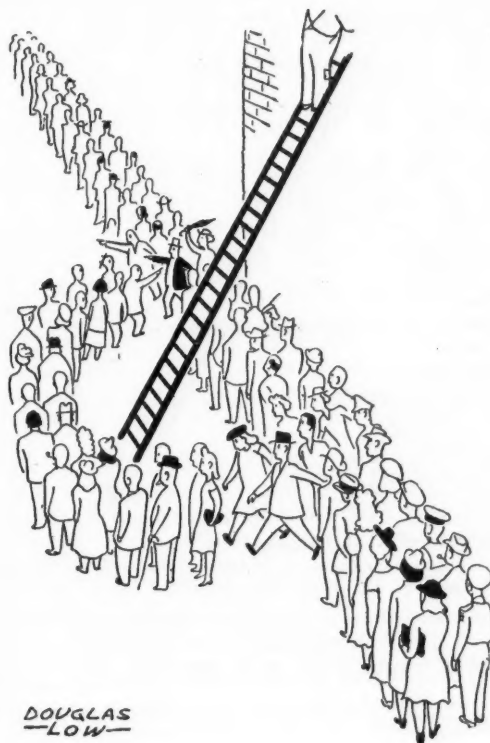
inception. Madame OSTROWSKA has the gift of seeing and recording the feeling of things rather than their details: give yourself into her hands and follow her thought with yours and you will have a rare vision of the strange beauty and still stranger emotional values of some of the ruins of the capital. It seems a pity that she has not painted one of the “wild gardens” that in summer make the ruins a feast of colour. Miss VIOLA GARVIN has matched her prose to the moods of the illustrations, leading the reader here and there to the scenes depicted, with now a glance at Roman days, here an excursion into Stuart times, and then a thought of what was practically yesterday. A most sympathetic, readable and even exciting book.

B. E. S.

### A Traveller’s Tales

Mr. D. C. CUTHBERTSON’S book, *In Scotland Now* (HERBERT JENKINS, 12/6), is almost as good as a holiday for those who are not yet able to ease themselves out of the war-time ruts. Those who have leisure need not even wait for increase of petrol before following him from Carrick, through Angus and Deeside and on to the Orkneys and Shetlands, for all the journeys (except the sea-passages) he describes are made on foot. He enlivens the way with anecdote, legend, details of bird-life and scenery, and includes some most excellent photographs. His style is as varied as the land through which he passes. Sometimes it is good, plain and direct, at others he whisks into whimsy, makes him a cup of tea, muses in a darkling sort of way or hands us a chestnut rather grandiloquently. But though we may get a little tired of “Mother Nature” and “feathered worlds” and “fragrant memories,” we can be grateful for the amount of information. There is, too, a particularly good chapter on mermaids, with an account of James Hogg’s struggle with one that had hair like green seaweed and eyes “like the boiled een o’ a cod’s head.”

B. E. B.





## Blow Me Down.

I HAVE come to the conclusion that in India tents are more bother than they are worth. To my mind the enormous labour of pulling like lunatics on ropes under a blazing sun, and of standing enveloped by a dome of hot cloth trying to hold a pole which keeps falling about sideways, while people argue over which is the inner and which the outer fly, should provide some return in the way of security. And no tent can give you security against either the Sudden Gust or the Storm in the Night.

The Sudden Gust always comes end on to the tent. It seems to be impossible to pitch sideways to the prevailing wind, because the winds prevail in a different direction every day. In England, when they do shake the darling buds of May, you get warning. There are clouds. It blows all the time. Here, however, a calm hot morning beguiles me into opening the flaps of my tent. I work for five minutes, with papers all over the table. All is peaceful. The next moment the tent, like myself, is flapping madly. I am holding down four piles of papers with my elbows and hands, and wondering whether it would be safe to lift my right hand for a moment to put a weight on a file which is lifting perilously. I do so. The papers immediately fly out of the tent.

I retrieve what I can, but an hour later the havildar clerk comes in with a small sheet of paper and says "Is this yours, sir? We found it in the office tent."

I take it with averted eyes, for on it, in an idle moment, I had written—

*O dimpled wife, turn that mangle o'er;  
My thoughts are with thee, far from  
Bangalore;*

and underneath that, in ink—

*"Rather a confusion of styles,  
Ponsonby"*

and under that—

*Gwladus Wynocwock*

*Mildred Thring*

*Amy Lumby*

*(fumbly pumbly)*

*Jean Spike*

*and Harold R. Fish, L.R.C.M.*

Another thing that happens sometimes with the Sudden Gust is that I attempt to hold the fifth pile down

with my nose and am spread-eagled thus across the table when the Major comes to see me.

All this, however, is as nothing compared to the Storm in the Night. I never believed in the Hollywood storm till I came here. We have one about every third night at 2 A.M.

It seems to be taken for granted on these occasions that something will happen to the stores tent. It is extraordinary how we worry about these stores. Anybody would think we were a travelling X-ray unit instead of a line construction company. There are only buckets and ladders and picks and poles and shovels and hammers and other Anglo-Saxon-sounding things that get wet anyway when they are being used. But every time I hear the Major's voice above the cataracts and hurricanoes shouting "Oh, Tumpin, go and see if the stores tent is all right." I have to go and do this alone, because the Major, clad in pyjama trousers and, quaintly, a bush hat, has already collected all the available bodies to hold down the office tent, a marquee about the size of a small cathedral. They are all hanging round it rather like the films one used to see of the R.101, and indeed one wouldn't be a bit surprised

to see the thing rise solemnly into the air.

As I make my way towards the stores tent I keep looking back to see if my own is still there. This causes me to trip over two guy ropes, an occurrence which fortunately coincides with a very loud clap of thunder.

As usual, all one side of the tent has come adrift and the whole thing is flapping like a mizzen, or possibly a spinnaker. There is something extraordinarily irritating about canvas being playful. It seems to know that I am the only man on this tent for the moment, and it will be fairly quiet while I am knocking in a peg with a vast wooden mallet whose head keeps coming off. But as soon as I fasten the guy rope and start on the next peg a tremendous blast comes which not only wrenches the peg out of the ground but breaks one of the main poles as well. It is obvious that the tent wants to play at being a tarpaulin. I get two men to hold on to the guys and, taking my life in my hands, I go inside with another pole to try to erect it. It would be about as easy to play billiards inside a tram. It is a good thing nobody can hear what I am saying every time a gust of wind blows the pole down when I have got it nearly upright. Another snag is the way one is unable to steady the bottom of the pole; either one has to place the bottom against one's feet and pull the pole inwards, which is what Newton called a mechanical disadvantage, or one has to push the pole up and hope the bottom won't slip. Elopers will confirm that this is difficult enough to do with a ladder in a moonlit garden, let alone with a pole in a maddened tent.

I come out for a breather. This is just as well, because the next moment the tent blows away. I go to the Major for help. The storm is beginning to abate. "I can't understand it, Tumpin," he says crossly, "this tent hasn't blown down." By the time he has let me have ten of his fifty men the sky is clear, and the Major comes to superintend the re-erection.

"It only wants a little organization, Tumpin," he says.



"Release Group 14. Make your mark—are you ready?"

NOTICE.—Contributions or Communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper.

The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

ESTB. 1742

**WHITBREAD**

& Co. LTD.

*Brewers  
of ale and stout  
for over two centuries*

**Monk & Glass**

CUSTARD

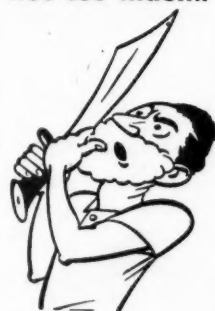
Everybody likes it  
-that's why it's so scarce

Still the same high quality  
Sold by all good grocers.



Not too little..

not too much..



*but just right  
if it's*  
**ERASMIC  
SHAVING STICK**  
*THANKS TO ITS  
DOUBLE-DENSE LATHER*



ER 356-96

THE ERASMIC CO. LTD.

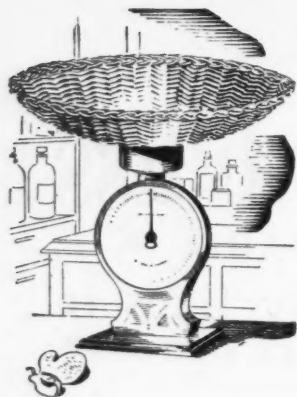
**OPTREX**

*the*

**eye lotion**

Whether you wear glasses or not, you should  
have your eyes examined at regular intervals  
by a Qualified Practitioner.

Optrex Ltd., Perivale, Middlesex



THE baby-scale service provided by chemists is but one of the minor ways in which they serve the nation—yet how important it is! Chemists are very conscious of their responsibility to the public weal, and no one would question their unerring knowledge of the preparations they sell.

For more than 40 years  
Chemists have recommended

## Euthymol

### TOOTH PASTE



A perfect dressing and a sovereign specific against falling hair, scurf and dandruff. Promotes hair growth. Invigorates the scalp. Petrole Hahn is non-inflammable.

5/- and 7/6 per bottle (including Tax)

Limited stocks on sale at good-class Hairdressers, Chemists and Stores.

### Your Hair Brush rebristled

I specialise in replacing bristles in worn brushes. Forward your Ivory, Silver or Ebony brushes, when quotation will be sent by return of post.

**JOHN HASSALL,**  
Brush and Mirror Manufacturer,  
(Dept. L.)

66 St. Paul's Churchyard, LONDON, E.C.4

TO SAVE YOUR FACE  
Use  
**Wardonia**  
**Blades**  
FOR BETTER SHAVES

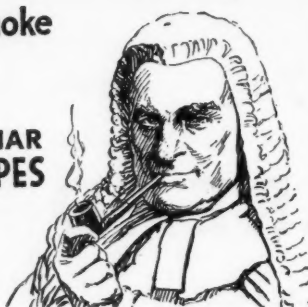
All shrewd Judges smoke

**Orlik** BRIAR  
PIPES

The demand for Orlik pipes far exceeds the supply, but the quality is still as good as ever. If you have difficulty in obtaining a genuine Orlik London-made pipe, please write to us for address of the nearest Tobacconist who can supply you.

L. ORLIK, LTD., LONDON, E.C.1

Established 1899



Also PETROL LIGHTERS & POUCHES

Orlik wind-proof Petrol Lighters give a sure light for cigarette or pipe, indoors or out. Orlik Pouches in a variety of styles.



Standing all the way  
home is bad enough,  
but how much  
worse if your feet  
hurt! Come to  
Scholl's for expert  
treatment. Most  
foot troubles can  
be remedied.



Scholl Aids are obtainable from chemists, shoe shops and stores

Enquiries to 254 Regent Street, London, W.1.

People still getting  
good wear out of pre-  
ratiating Radiac shirts  
know that there's no  
better coupon value than

**Radiac**  
QUALITY SHIRTS

Made by  
McIntyre, Hogg, Marsh & Co. Ltd.,  
shirt manufacturers for 100 years.



# It's up to us to keep fit

THERE are three golden rules for fitness. First: regular exercise. Second: fresh air. Third: good food.

Of these simple rules the third is not quite so simple as it looks! The fact is that the most appetising food is not always the most nutritious. But there is an easy way to make certain that every meal you eat, however frugal, is rich in nutriment. You simply replace the missing goodness by taking a little pure yeast. Yeast is the richest known natural source of the B Vitamins. Yestamin is yeast in tablet form. When you take Yestamin you take pure dried yeast highly concentrated. You'll like its savoury taste and you'll soon feel the benefit of its vital goodness.

### YESTAMIN

Vitamin B1 HCl	30 I. U. per gram.
Riboflavin	65 mcgs. per gram.
Calcium D-Pantothenate	63 mcgs. per gram.
Niacin	455 mcgs. per gram.
Vitamin B6 HCl	34 mcgs. per gram.

TABLETS 1/11, 3/- per bottle  
POWDER 1/48, 2/3, 4/- per tin

The English Grains Co. Ltd. Burton-on-Trent.

**Pedigree**  
PRAMS & FOLDERS  
All the best babies have them  
**L.B.LTD. London**

**BEAR  
BRAND  
HONEY**  
*The Premier Brand*

Obtainable only on your  
Preserve Ration

THE BEAR HONEY CO. LTD.  
Branch of L. Garvin & Co. Ltd.  
ISLEWORTH, MIDDLESEX





# DUFRAIS

Special  
VINEGARS



Elder  
Cider  
Eschalot  
etc.

Made from Natural Herbs  
Matured in Genuine Malt  
Vinegar

AND SOLD ONLY IN BOTTLE

DUFRAIS & CO. LTD.  
21, St. James Sq., London, S.W.1

# SEAGERS



# GIN

MAXIMUM RETAIL PRICE

25/3 per bottle.

## Jacqmar Printed Dress Materials

Exclusive non-topical designs on finest quality spun rayon - Patterns cannot be sent as only a limited quantity is available at the "Jacqmar Shops" or direct from

### Jacqmar

16, GROSVENOR STREET LONDON.W.1



Marmite is the yeast food extract which adds delicious flavour to all soups, stews, gravy, meat and vegetable dishes.

Its ascertained vitamin content proves Marmite to be a health food of definite value. Use Marmite in your everyday cooking, and all the family will enjoy their food better—and they will be all the better for it.

**MARMITE** A concentrated Yeast Extract containing Vitamins of the B<sub>2</sub> complex.

Riboflavin 1.5 mg. per ounce

Niacin 16.5 mg. per ounce

In Jars: 1 oz. 6d., 2 oz. 10d.,

4 oz. 1/6, 8 oz. 2/6, 16 oz. 4/6

from all Grocers and Chemists

PLANNING for THE FUTURE

Keep in mind The New



Ready soon

## GAS COOKER

with MAINSTAT Oven Heat Control



## Sparklets

(REGD. TRADE MARK)

All available supplies of SPARKLETS BULBS are being distributed as equitably as possible. For the present, please "go easy with the soda" and return empty Bulbs promptly to your usual supplier.



HYGIENIC—CONVENIENT—ECONOMICAL

2511C



It's Wiser to  
wear WOOL

## Chilprufe

for CHILDREN

IS PURE WOOL  
MADE PERFECT

At present made for Infants  
and Young Children only

CHILPRUFE LIMITED  
Governing Director: JOHN A. BOLTON  
LEICESTER

# Maenson Tailoring for men...

Deliveries are very difficult, but please keep in touch with your nearby Maenson Agent.

JOSEPH MAY & SONS, LTD.,  
106 Regent St., London, W.1.

## FINE STAMPS AT AUCTION

H. R. Harmer's Bond Street Stamp Auctions are universally acknowledged as the World's best medium for the sale of rare and fine stamps. Sales are usually held each week; catalogues 3d. each, post paid. Full details of Facilities, Commission Terms and Insurance arrangements are given in the Annual Résumé of Prices Realised, price 6d., on request.

**H. R. HARMER** The World's Leading Stamp Auctioneer,  
39-42, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.



Soon now—

## AERTEX

## QUEEN ANNE

## RARE SCOTCH WHISKY

IN THE  
BETTER PLACES



By Appointment  
**HILL THOMSON &  
CO. LTD.,  
EDINBURGH**

Holders of Royal Appointment to successive Sovereigns since 1838

**HILL THOMSON & CO. LTD**  
EDINBURGH. Est. 1793



## Farrah's ORIGINAL HARROGATE

Send your signed "Personal Points" page (which will be returned) to John Farrah & Harrogate Toffee Ltd., Harrogate.

A TRADITION  
AND  
*A Very  
Special Treat*

A century-long tradition for Quality makes Farrah's Original Harrogate Toffee the instinctive choice when you wish to send sweets that will be "a very special treat."

During zoning you can buy direct. Prices (including postage) 3/1 for 1 lb.; 5/7 for 1 1/2 lb.

## TOFFEE



### GAGGED!

Enemy orders radio'd to his battle line were turned into squeals and squawks—by radio! British radio perfected a device which chased the enemy all around the wave-band and jammed his transmission whenever he tried to send. In pioneering and developing radio devices for helping to defeat the enemy, G.E.C. played an important part.

Think of the heightened skill, the vast new experience of radio-electronics G.E.C. will bring to the manufacture of your post-war Radio and Television set!

## G.E.C.

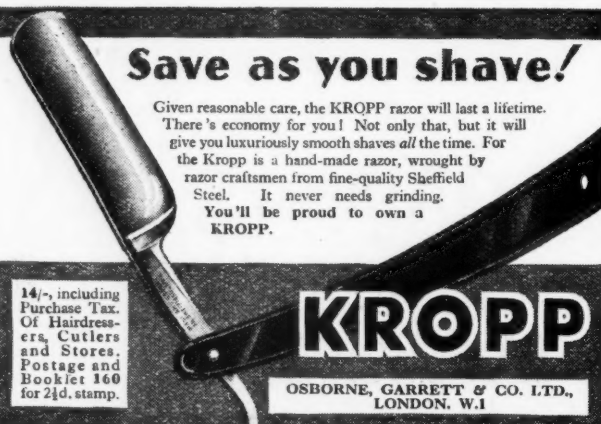
### RADIO & TELEVISION

'THE SOUND AND SIGHT OF THE FUTURE'

ADVT. OF THE GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LTD., MAGNET HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2

## Save as you shave!

Given reasonable care, the KROPP razor will last a lifetime. There's economy for you! Not only that, but it will give you luxuriously smooth shaves all the time. For the Kropp is a hand-made razor, wrought by razor craftsmen from fine-quality Sheffield Steel. It never needs grinding. You'll be proud to own a KROPP.



## KROPP

OSBORNE, GARRETT & CO. LTD.,  
LONDON, W.1

A Lancashire  
War Medalist

OVER 6,000 WERE  
RESCUED



by these fearless life-boatmen during the years of war. Help them to carry on their splendid work, by sending a contribution, however small.

**ROYAL NATIONAL  
LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION**  
Life-Boat House, Boreham Wood, Herts.

The Earl of Harrowby, Hon. Treasurer  
Lt.-Col. C. R. Satterthwaite, O.B.E., Secretary

V25



The modern treatment  
for Colds

## VAPEX

A Drop on your Handkerchief

Like many other good things Vapex had to make way for more imperatively urgent needs. Throughout the war pharmaceutical work of national importance has taken and must take first place. Normal conditions will bring a return of Vapex

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.  
Vale of Bardsley, Lincs., England

Safeguard Your Teeth!



With **KENT** Exclusive  
BLENDED BRISTLES

• AVOID ABRASIVE ACTION. • PREVENT INJURY TO ENAMEL AND GUMS.

**KENT OF LONDON**  
Best British Brushes  
1877-1927

## CORNS

QUICKLY, PAINLESSLY  
REMOVED WITH

'HOBSON'S CHOICE'  
CORN PLAISTERS • POWDERS

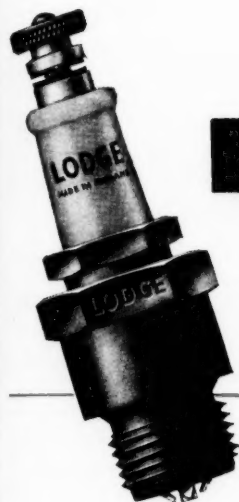
A safe, sure remedy proved by thousands. Kills Corns in 3-7 days. From Chemists, Stores, etc. Plaisters 2d. Powders 1d. COMBINATION PACK 7d.

**SINTOX**

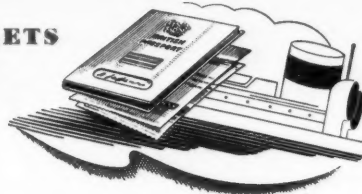
A LODGE INVENTION

*One of our war secrets*THE  
WORLD'S  
FINEST  
INSULATOR

exclusive to

**LODGE  
PLUGS**LOOK FOR THE  
PINK INSULATOR

Made by Lodge Plugs Ltd., Rugby

**THE TICKETS  
WILL BE  
BOOKED**

The day will come when forgotten places and new scenes will cast a spell over your memory and your imagination. The spirit of travel will move restlessly within you, and the tickets will be booked. And with you will go your Antler Luggage, a distinguished and accommodating servant to your possessions.



You can't get Antler Luggage now but superb designs will be ready . . . for the day.

**ANTLER***The World's Best Luggage*

J. B. BROOKS &amp; CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM

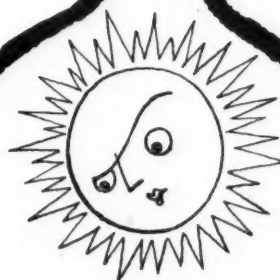


EVERY BRITISH AIRCRAFT WHICH TOOK PART  
IN THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN WAS EQUIPPED  
WITH **MINTEX BRAKE LININGS**

**BRITISH BELTING & ASBESTOS LIMITED**  
CLECKHEATON (YORKS) AND LONDON



Spinners, weavers and manufacturers of Asbestos yarns, cloths, tapes, packings and jointings; manufacturers of Machinery Belting for all industrial purposes; manufacturers of "Mintex" Brake and Clutch Linings and other friction materials.

***It's no good getting heated***

Only high temperatures resulting from *Illness* entitle you to Lembar—at least until restrictions end. Lembar is made from pure lemon juice, finest barley, best white sugar and glucose. In normal times, it's the perfect cure for a hot day: at present, it must be left for more serious ailments, where its good ingredients are most needed.

RAYNER'S medicinal

**Lembar***(for colds, 'flu, acidosis, or biliousness)*Obtainable from  
chemists

MADE BY RAYNER &amp; COMPANY, LIMITED, LONDON, N.18





## LISTEN TO YOUR *WISER SELF*!

Ever found yourself thinking you might give your Savings a miss this week? Listen to your wiser self. Your wiser self says, "Keep on with them—with things as they are, it's plain common-sense. Go on buying National Savings Certificates."

BECAUSE

Every 15/- Certificate earns you 5/6 in 10 years' time.

This increase is not subject to Income Tax.

They're easy to buy, easy to hold, easy to cash.

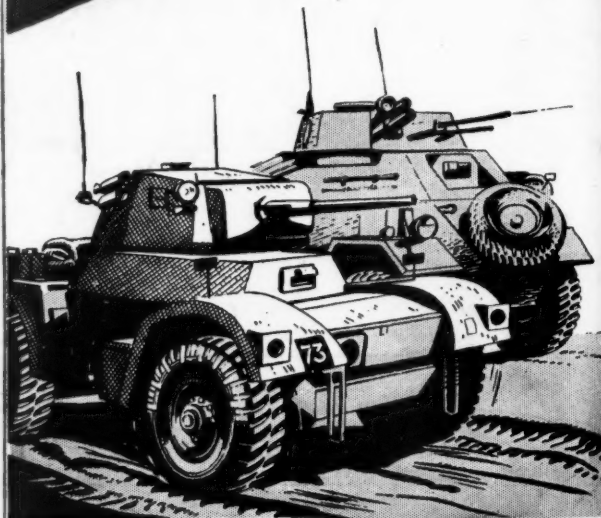
Savings up keeps prices down.

# NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE

Printed in England by Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Limited, at 15-20, Phoenix Place, Mount Pleasant, W.C.1, and published by them weekly, with one additional summer issue and one additional winter issue at 10, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.—WEDNESDAY, August 8, 1945.

## Contributions...



### No. 1. THE FIGHTING VEHICLES

"Bullet Proof" and "Run Flat" Tyres for armoured cars and other combat vehicles were outstanding features of Dunlop production. Hundreds of thousands were made at Fort Dunlop before and during the War.

by

# DUNLOP